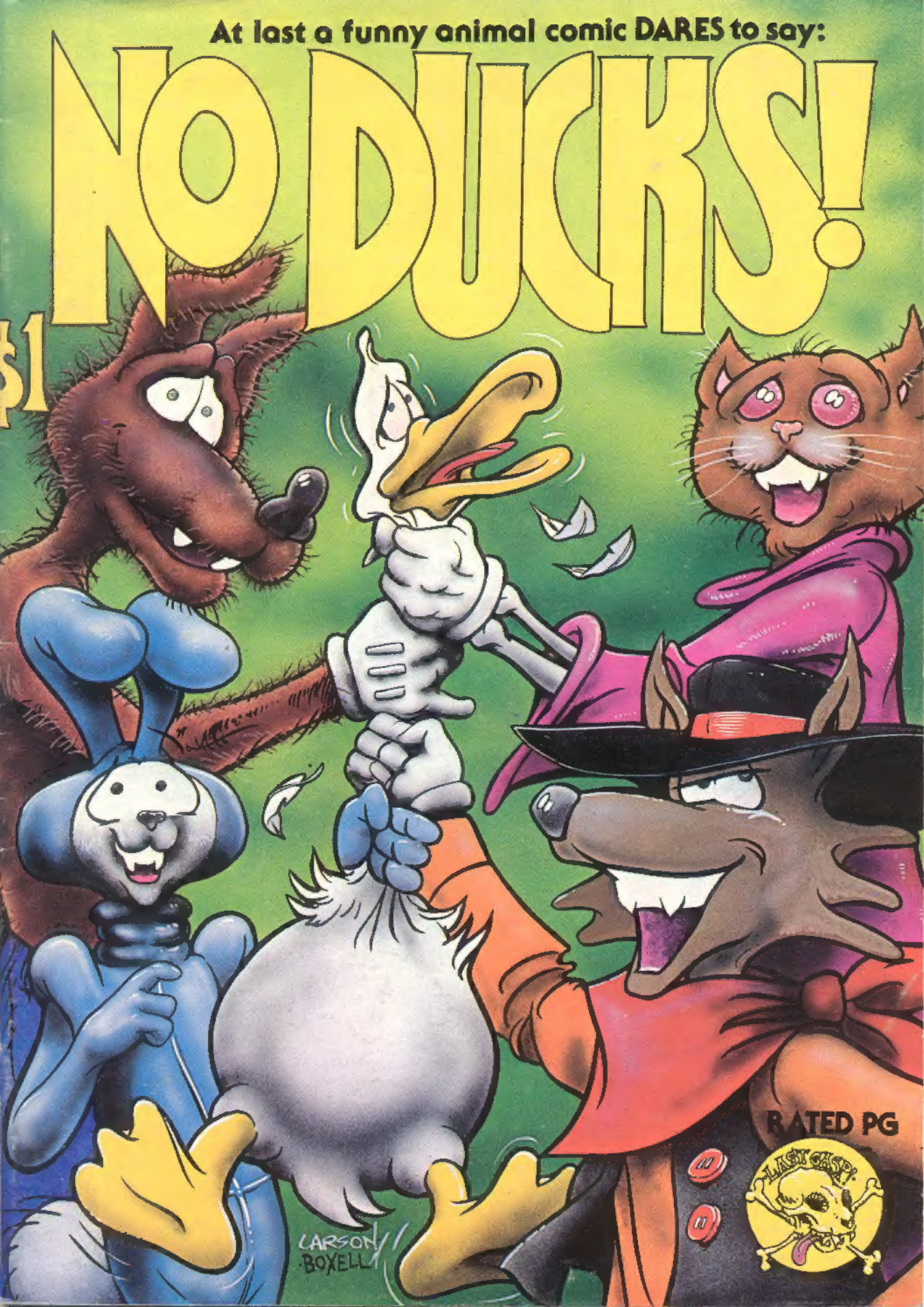
At last a funny animal comic DARES to say:

NO DUCKS!

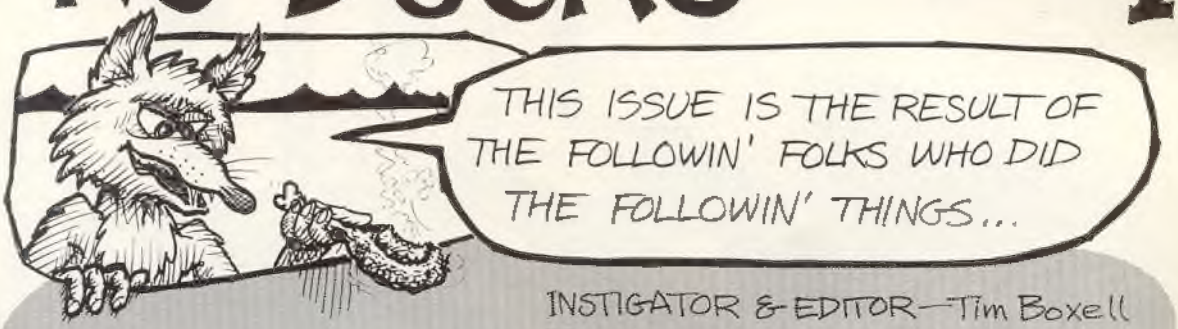
$1



RATED PG

LAST GASP

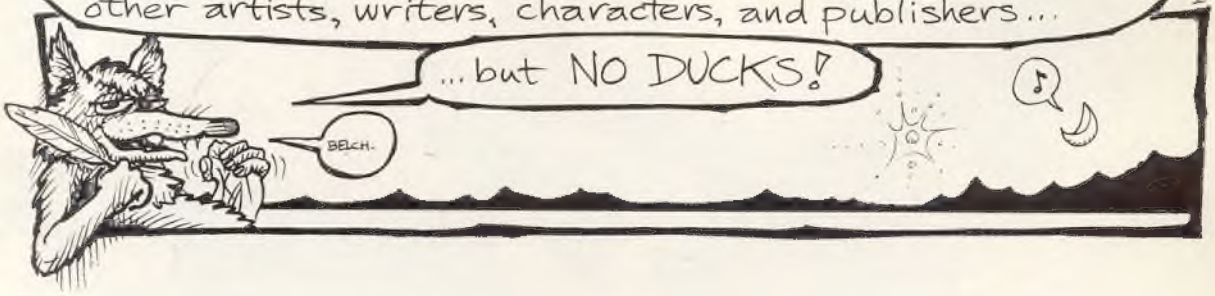
"NO DUCKS" ISSUE NUMBER 1



INSTIGATOR & EDITOR—Tim Boxell

COVER	Richard Larson: layout Tim Boxell: color and ink
INSIDE FRONT COVER	Ken Fletcher: lettering & art
"PETULANCE"	Tim Boxell: story and art
"LONEWOLF"	Jim Schumeister: story & letters Reed Waller: pencils/Tim Boxell: inks
"HOUNDZAK"	Tim Boxell: story and art
"BUN E"	Richard Larson: story and art Tim Collier: creator of characters
"MOMA TOLD ME NOT TO COME!"	Reed Waller: pencils Tim Boxell: story and inks
"WIZKIDS"	Tim Boxell: story and art
BACK COVER	Tim Boxell with the aid of Richard Larson

This issue is dedicated to: Ken Fletcher (who turned me onto this weird but delightful comics form), Vootie, Beastiality, The Air Pirates, Fritz, Fox and Crow, Krazy, and a million other artists, writers, characters, and publishers...



STONED WOLF IN "PETULANT"

STORY AND PICTURES T. BOXELL '77

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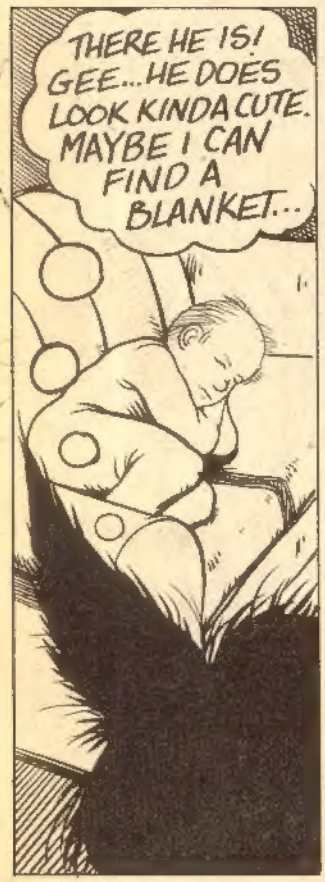
RRRRRRRR
THERE, THERE!

HERE... HAVE SOME MILK KIDDY!

THE LITTLE CRUD KEPT ME UP HALF THE NIGHT!

WHERE'D HE GO? HE WAS JUST HERE!


THERE HE IS! GEE...HE DOES LOOK KINDA CUTE. MAYBE I CAN FIND A BLANKET...

SQUISH SQUISH

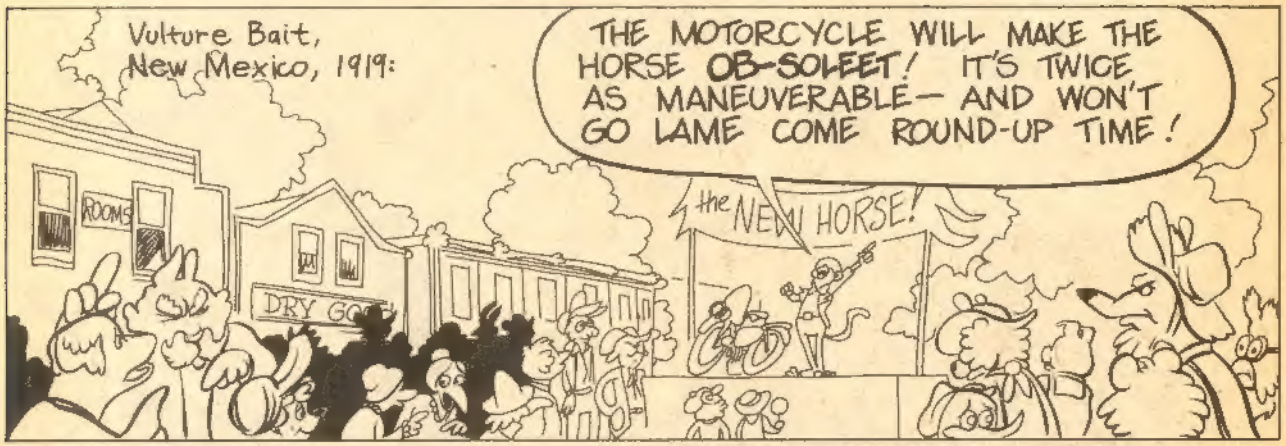
YECCCCCH!

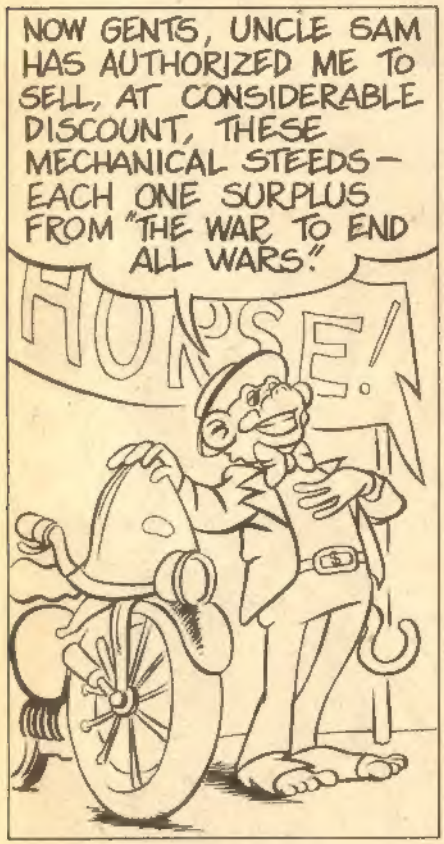
THE LITTLE BASTARD ISN'T EVEN... HOUSE BROKEN!

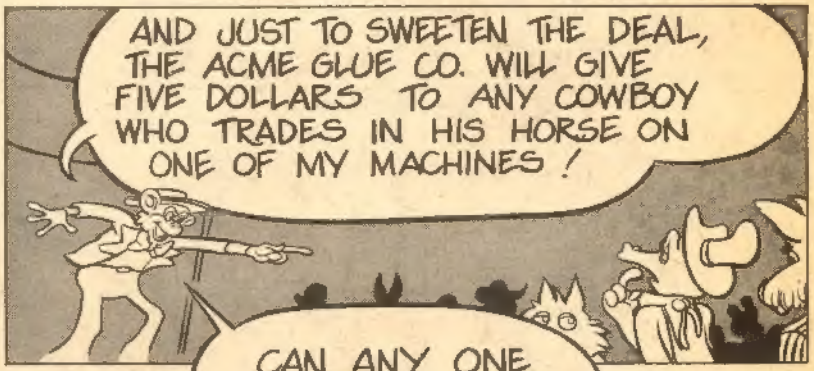
HELLO... LOST AND FOUND?
YES... I WOULD SAY THE SOONER THE OWNER SHOWS UP THE BETTER!
THE NEXT MORNING...
THANK YOU MR. WOLF. YOU CAN'T IMAGINE HOW WE WORRIED...
YA..YA.. FINE! JUST GET HIM OUT OF HERE!
WELL YA CAN'T JUST LET 'EM FREEZE NOW CAN YA?
AAWAAH-OOOWAA
THE END

LONE WOLF

YES, GENTS, RANCHING HAS COME INTO THE 20th CENTURY!
the NEW HORSE!

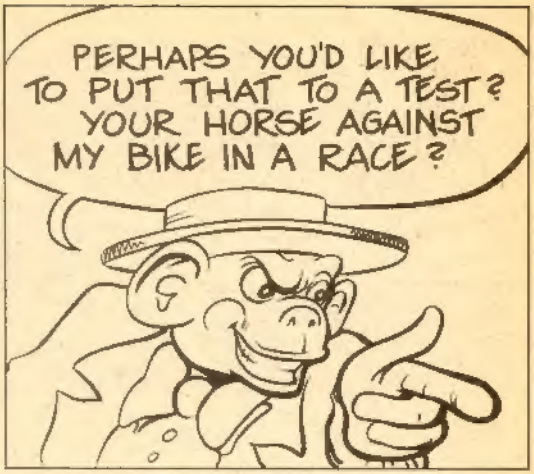

Vulture Bait, New Mexico, 1919:
THE MOTORCYCLE WILL MAKE THE HORSE OB-SOLEET! IT'S TWICE AS MANEUVERABLE— AND WON'T GO LAME COME ROUND-UP TIME!
ROOMS
DRY GO
the NEW HORSE!


NOW GENTS, UNCLE SAM HAS AUTHORIZED ME TO SELL, AT CONSIDERABLE DISCOUNT, THESE MECHANICAL STEEDS— EACH ONE SURPLUS FROM "THE WAR TO END ALL WARS."
HORSE!

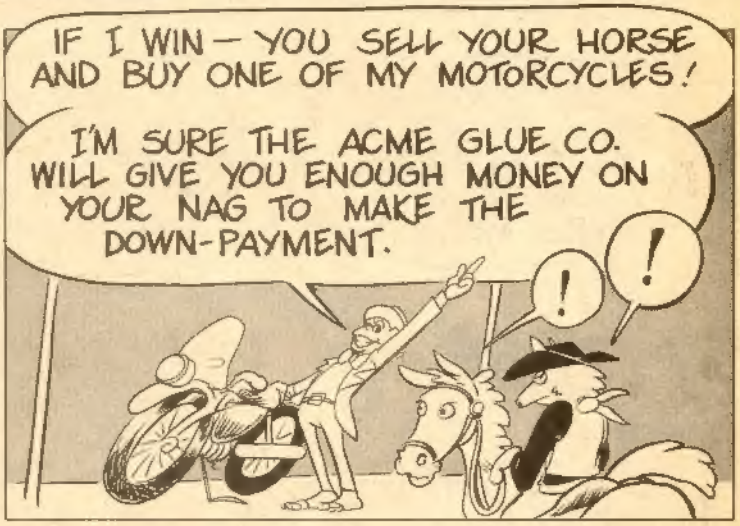

AND JUST TO SWEETEN THE DEAL, THE ACME GLUE CO. WILL GIVE FIVE DOLLARS TO ANY COWBOY WHO TRADES IN HIS HORSE ON ONE OF MY MACHINES!

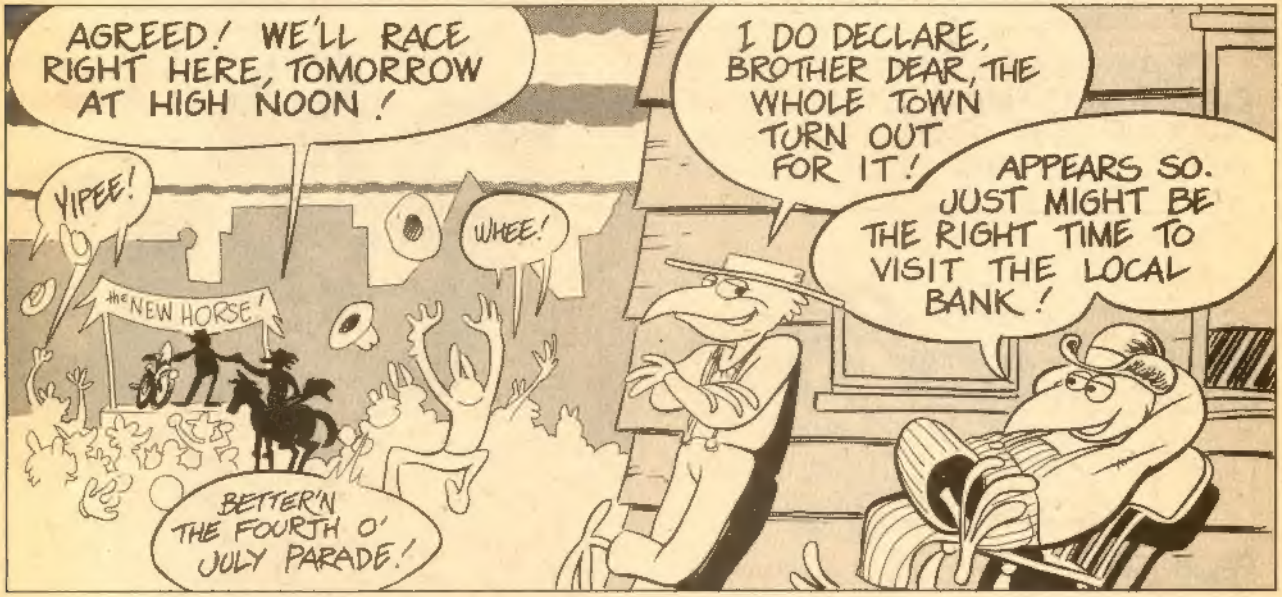
CAN ANY ONE OF YOU PASS UP SUCH AN OFFER?
I CAN!
IT'S LONE WOLF!

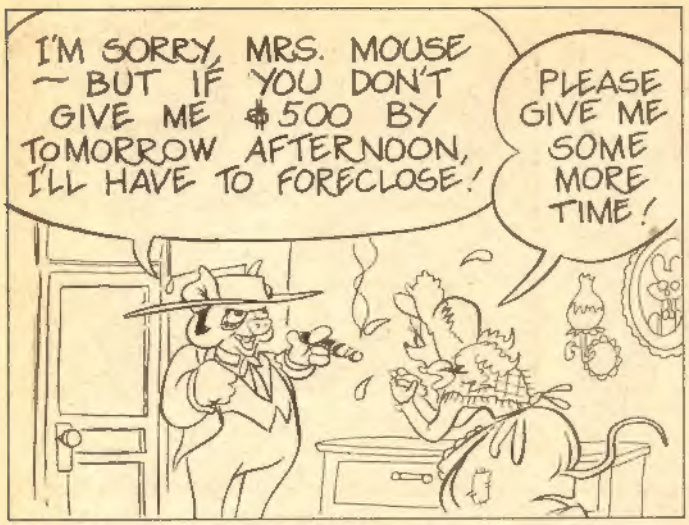
SORRY, COWPOKE— THE MOTORCYCLE IS PROGRESS. STAND IN IT'S WAY AND YOU'LL GET TREADMARKS ON YOUR BOOTS!
A HORSE IS BETTER.

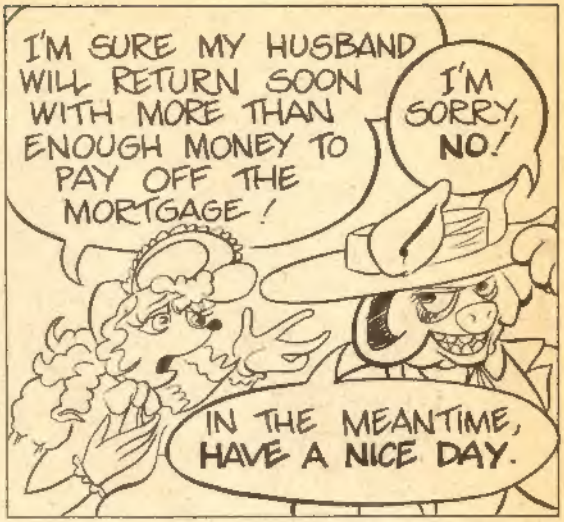

PERHAPS YOU'D LIKE TO PUT THAT TO A TEST? YOUR HORSE AGAINST MY BIKE IN A RACE?

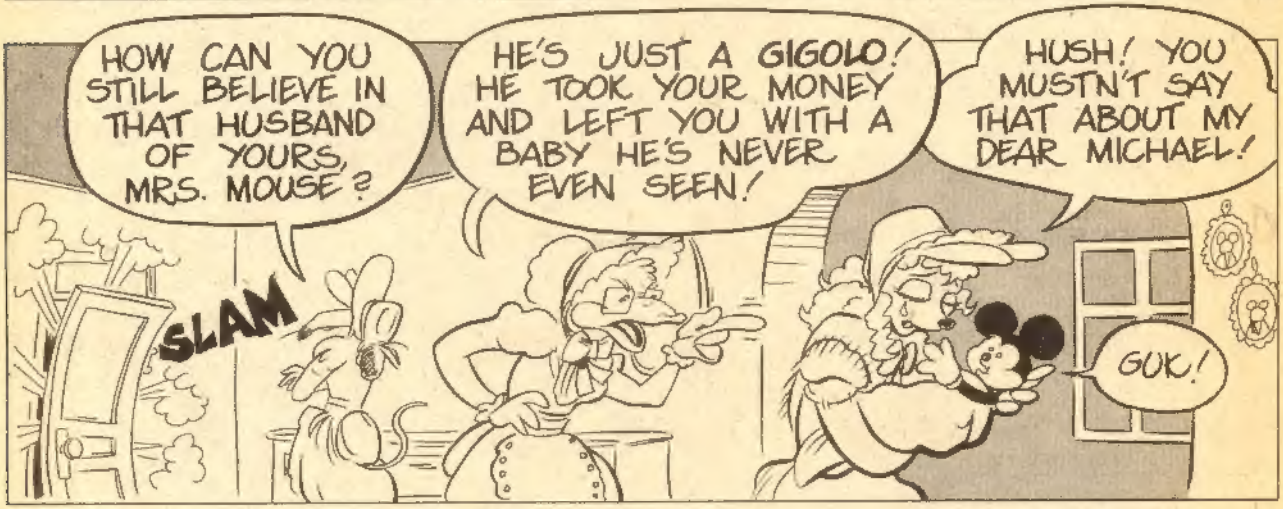
IF YOU WIN, I AGREE TO CLEAR OUT— WON'T TRY TO SELL MY CYCLES IN THIS TOWN.
AND IF I LOSE?

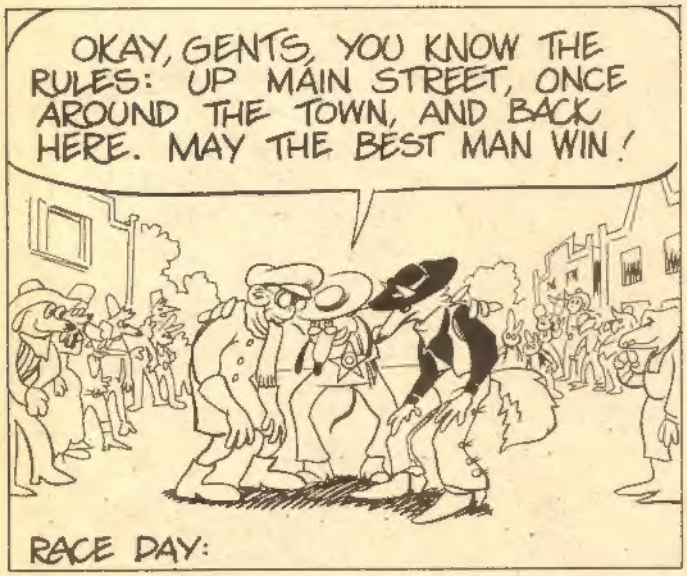

IF I WIN — YOU SELL YOUR HORSE AND BUY ONE OF MY MOTORCYCLES!
I'M SURE THE ACME GLUE CO. WILL GIVE YOU ENOUGH MONEY ON YOUR NAG TO MAKE THE DOWN-PAYMENT.
!
!


AGREED! WE'LL RACE RIGHT HERE, TOMORROW AT HIGH NOON!
YIPEE!
the NEW HORSE!
WHEE!
BETTER'N THE FOURTH O' JULY PARADE!
I DO DECLARE, BROTHER DEAR, THE WHOLE TOWN TURN OUT FOR IT!
APPEARS SO. JUST MIGHT BE THE RIGHT TIME TO VISIT THE LOCAL BANK!

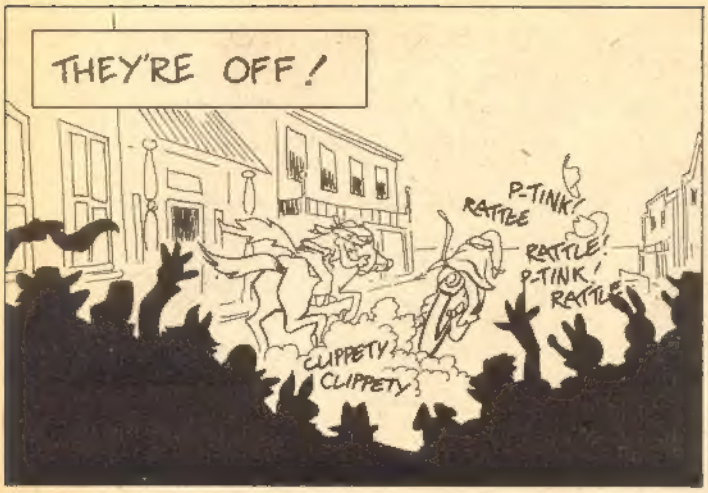

I'M SORRY, MRS. MOUSE — BUT IF YOU DON'T GIVE ME $500 BY TOMORROW AFTERNOON, I'LL HAVE TO FORECLOSE!
PLEASE GIVE ME SOME MORE TIME!

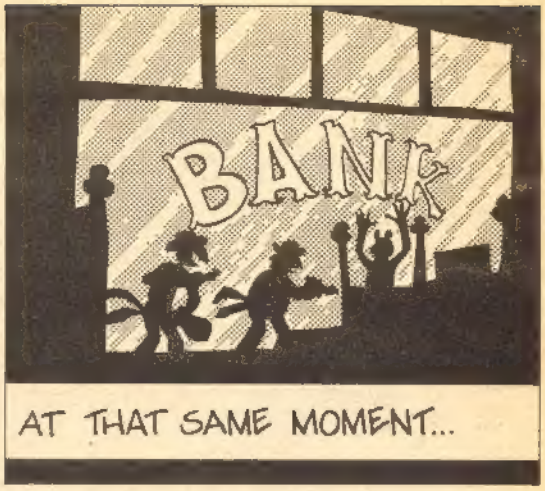

I'M SURE MY HUSBAND WILL RETURN SOON WITH MORE THAN ENOUGH MONEY TO PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE!
I'M SORRY, NO!
IN THE MEANTIME, HAVE A NICE DAY.

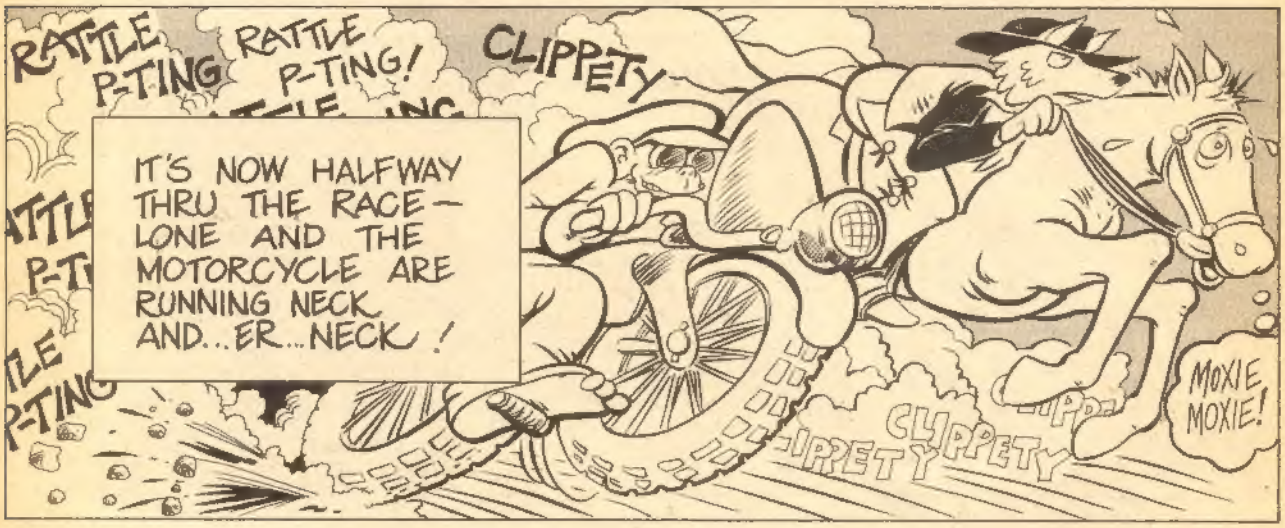

HOW CAN YOU STILL BELIEVE IN THAT HUSBAND OF YOURS, MRS. MOUSE?
HE'S JUST A GIGOLO! HE TOOK YOUR MONEY AND LEFT YOU WITH A BABY HE'S NEVER EVEN SEEN!
HUSH! YOU MUSTN'T SAY THAT ABOUT MY DEAR MICHAEL!
SLAM
GUK!


OKAY, GENTS, YOU KNOW THE RULES: UP MAIN STREET, ONCE AROUND THE TOWN, AND BACK HERE. MAY THE BEST MAN WIN!
RACE DAY:

BANG

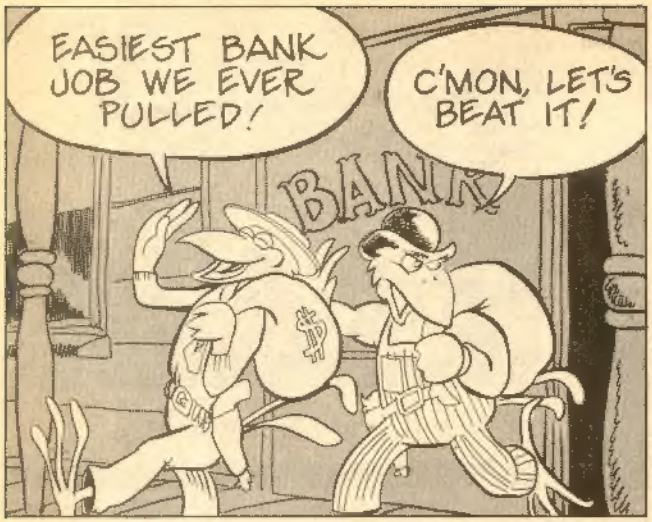

THEY'RE OFF!
P-TINK!
RATTLE
RATTLE!
P-TINK!
RATTLE
CLIPPETY
CLIPPETY

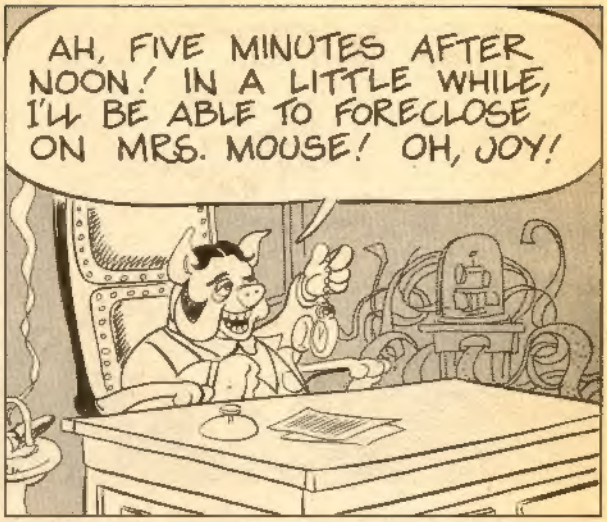

BANK
AT THAT SAME MOMENT...

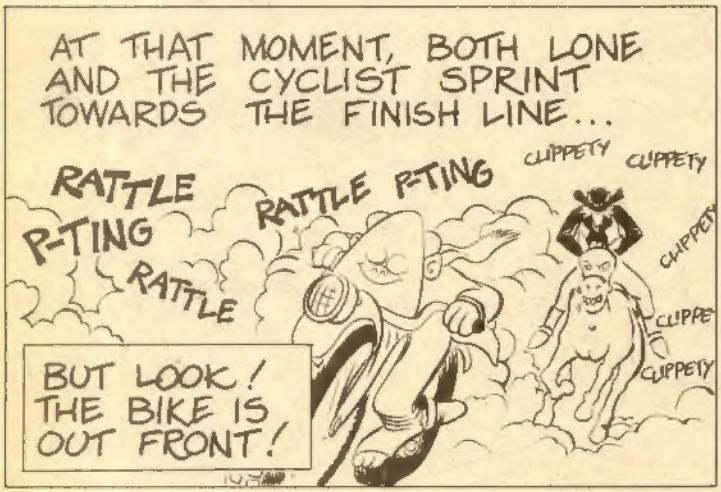

RATTLE
P-TING
RATTLE
P-TING!
CLIPPETY
IT'S NOW HALFWAY THRU THE RACE— LONE AND THE MOTORCYCLE ARE RUNNING NECK AND...ER...NECK!
CLIPPETY
MOXIE MOXIE!

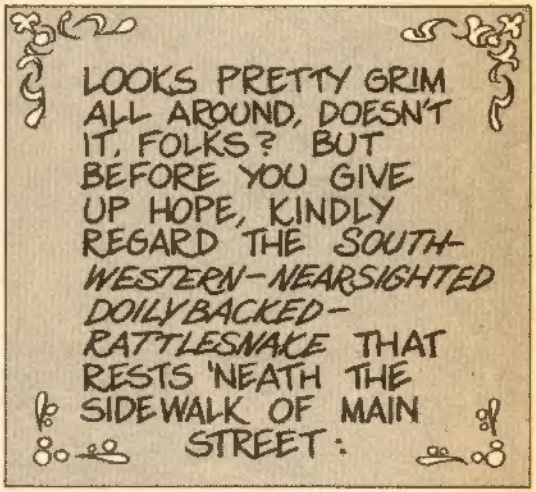
SOB I HAVE NO MONEY AND THEY WANT TO TAKE AWAY MY HOME! WHAT WILL I DO?
GUK!
BEAN

I MUST BE BRAVE FOR MICHAEL JR'S SAKE!
GUK!
GO OUT AND PLAY ON YOUR SEE-SAW, DEAR.


EASIEST BANK JOB WE EVER PULLED!
C'MON, LET'S BEAT IT!
BANK

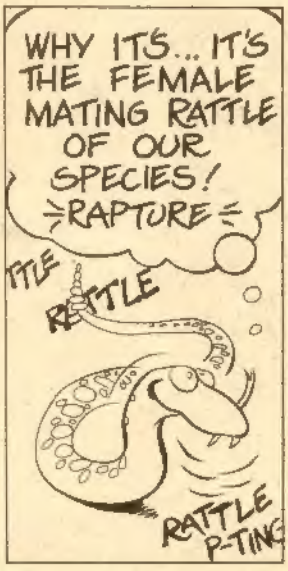

AH, FIVE MINUTES AFTER NOON! IN A LITTLE WHILE, I'LL BE ABLE TO FORECLOSE ON MRS. MOUSE! OH, JOY!

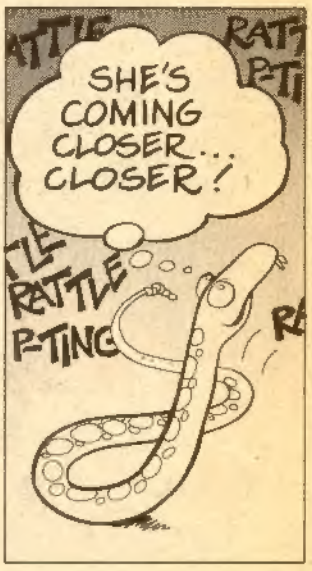

AT THAT MOMENT, BOTH LONE AND THE CYCLIST SPRINT TOWARDS THE FINISH LINE...
RATTLE
P-TING
RATTLE
RATTLE
P-TING
CLIPPETY
CLIPPETY
CLIPPETY
CLIPPETY
CLIPPETY
BUT LOOK! THE BIKE IS OUT FRONT!

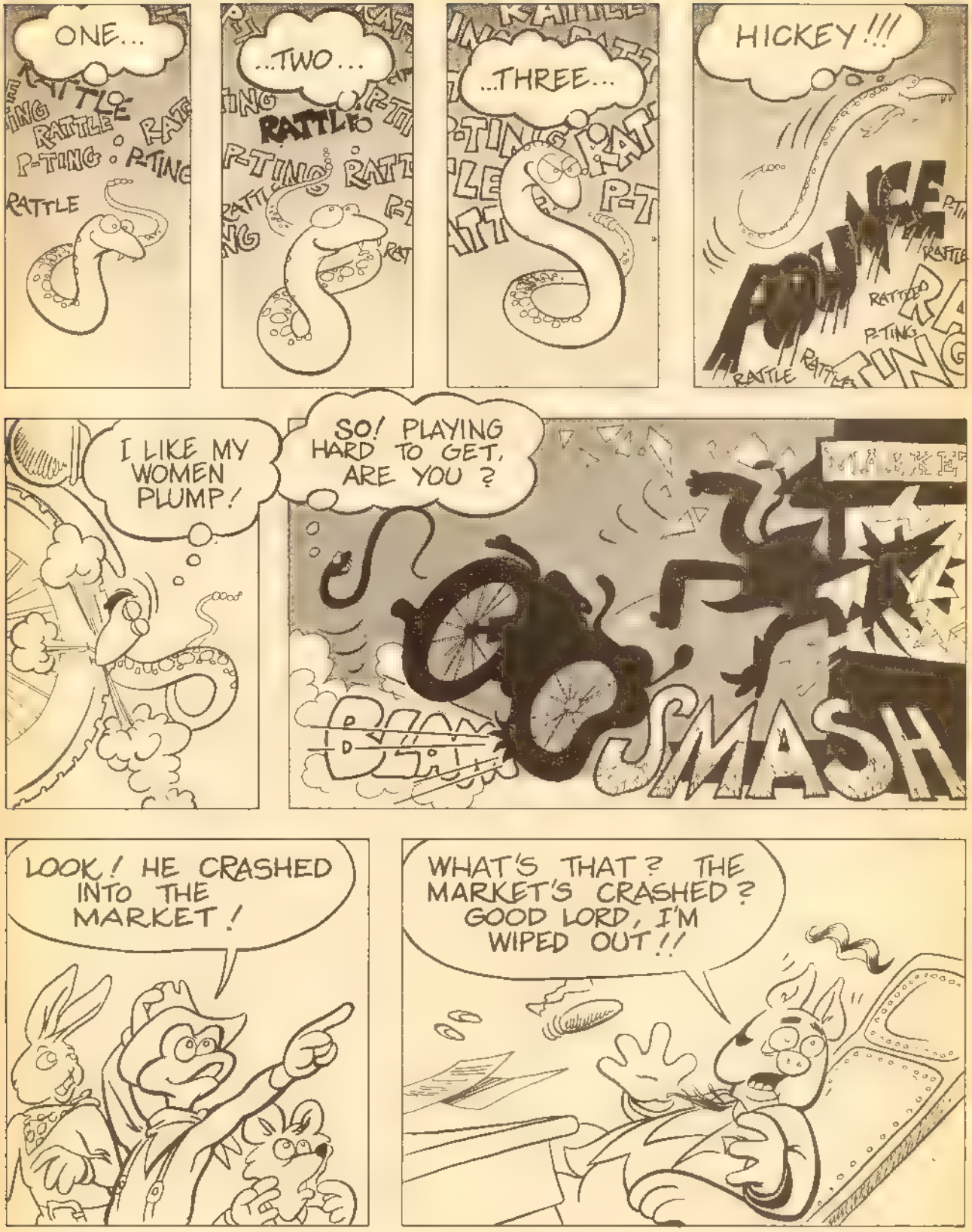

LOOKS PRETTY GRIM ALL AROUND, DOESN'T IT, FOLKS? BUT BEFORE YOU GIVE UP HOPE, KINDLY REGARD THE *SOUTH-WESTERN-NEARSIGHTED DOILY BACKED-RATTLESNAKE* THAT RESTS 'NEATH THE SIDEWALK OF MAIN STREET:

LORDY, BUT I'M LONELY! NOT A BROAD IN SIGHT!

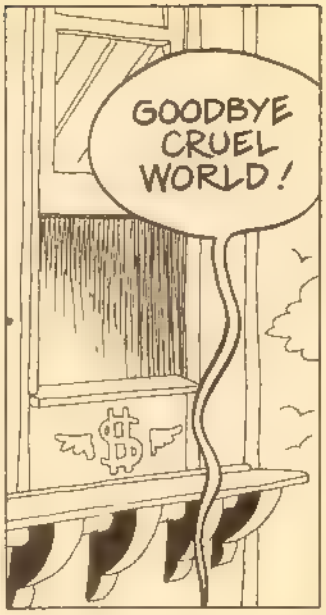
RATTLE
P-TING
RATTLE
P-TING
WHAT'S THAT SOUND?

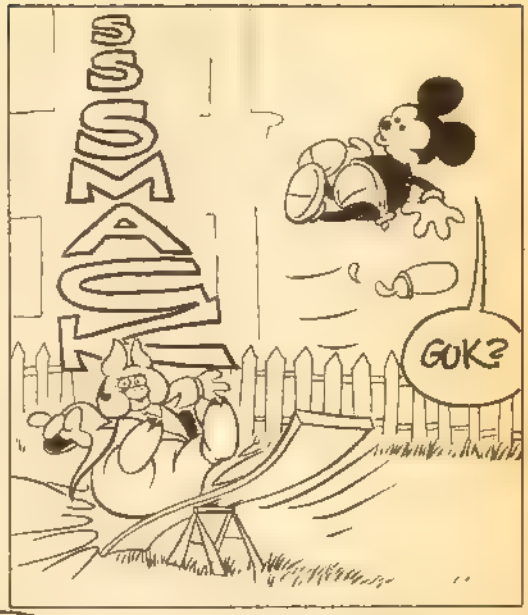

WHY IT'S... IT'S THE FEMALE MATING RATTLE OF OUR SPECIES! =RAPTURE=
RATTLE
RATTLE
P-TING

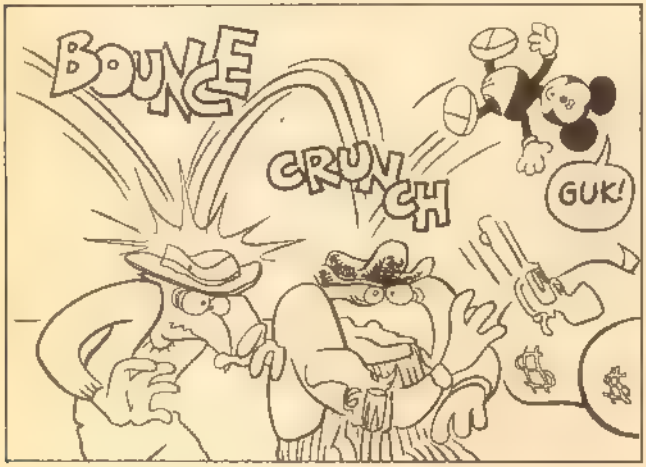

SHE'S COMING CLOSER... CLOSER!
RATTLE
P-TING


ONE...
RATTLE
P-TING
...TWO...
RATTLE
P-TING
...THREE...
P-TING
HICKEY!!!
POUNCE
RATTLED
P-TING
RATTLE
I LIKE MY WOMEN PLUMP!
SO! PLAYING HARD TO GET, ARE YOU?
MARKET
SMASH
LOOK! HE CRASHED INTO THE MARKET!
WHAT'S THAT? THE MARKET'S CRASHED? GOOD LORD, I'M WIPED OUT!!

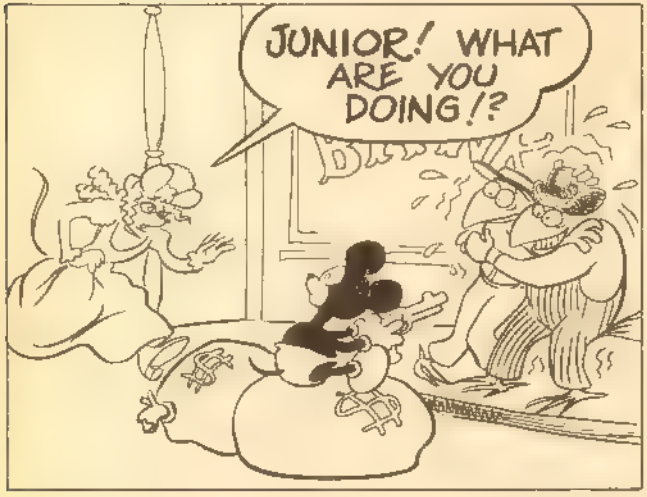
THIS IS THE ONLY WAY OUT!


GOODBYE CRUEL WORLD!


SSSMAUL
GUK?


BOUNCE
CRUNCH
GUK!

DON'T SHOOT! DON'T SHOOT!
NICE BABY GIVEMS GUN-EMS TO NICE BANK ROBBER?


JUNIOR! WHAT ARE YOU DOING!?

LOOK! THE TAD'S CAUGHT THE BANK ROBBERS SINGLE-HANDED!
YOU DON'T KNOW WHERE IT'S BEEN!

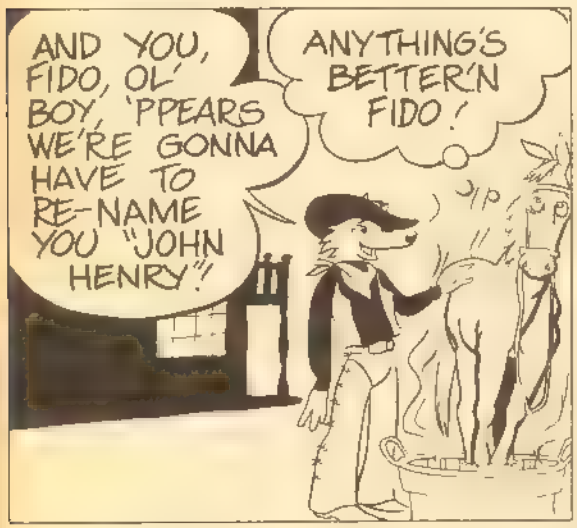
LOOKS LIKE YOUR SON'S DUE A $500 REWARD FOR CATCHIN' THESE OWLHOOTS!

NOW WE CAN PAY OFF THE MORTGAGE!

DADDY WILL BE SO PROUD OF YOU JUNIOR!

WHAT HAPPENED?

LOOKS TO ME LIKE VULTURE BAIT'S GONNA LOSE IT'S ONLY MOTORCYCLE DEALERSHIP.



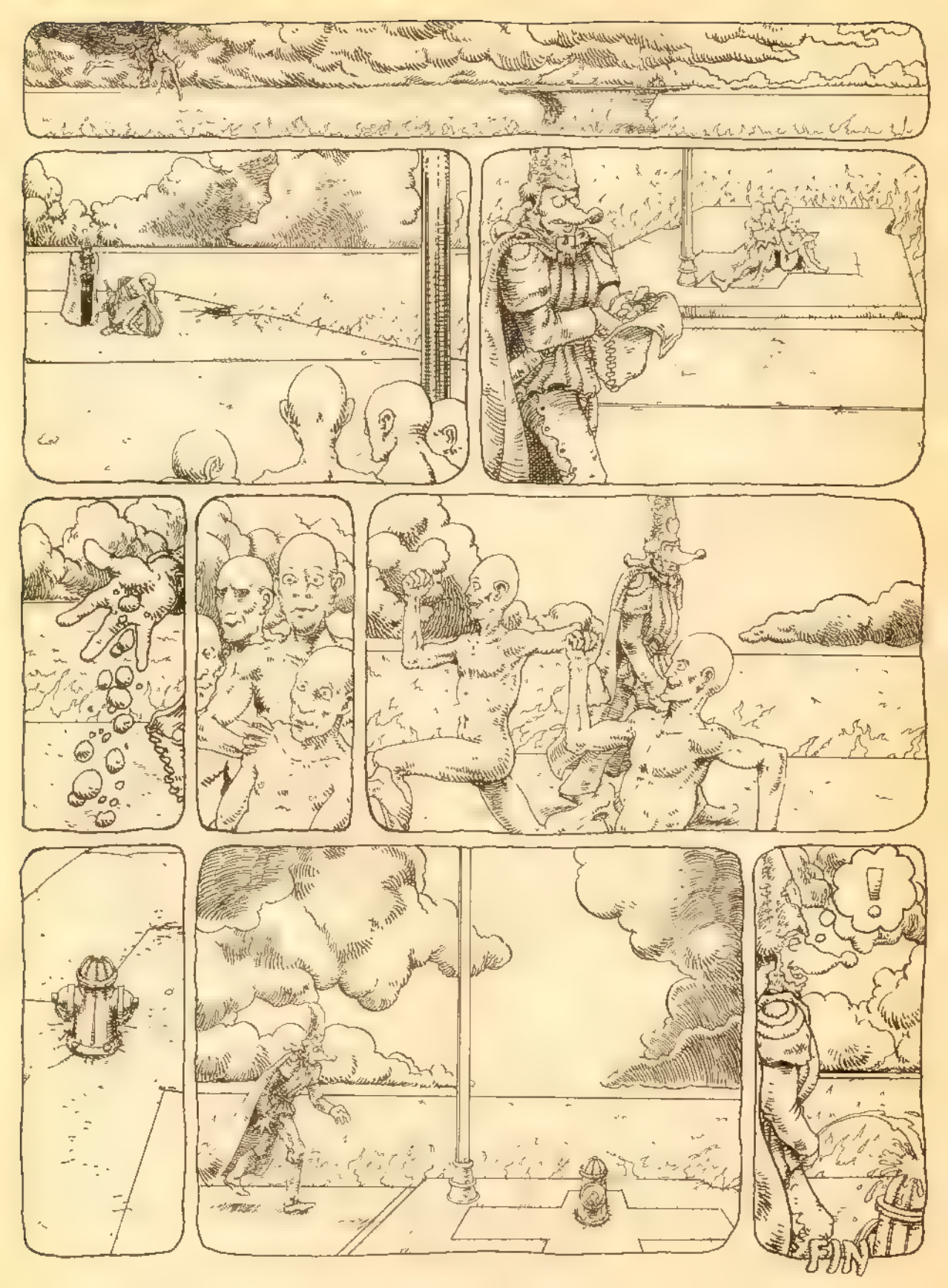
FINAL HISTORICAL NOTE:

MRS. MOUSE'S HUSBAND NEVER RETURNED TO HIS HOME IN VULTURE BAIT. HOWEVER, SOME YEARS LATER, AFTER MAKING A SMALL NAME FOR HIMSELF IN MOTION PICTURES, HE SENT HIS WIFE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT THEIR MARRIAGE, FEARING THE INFORMATION WOULD HURT HIS IMAGE AS A ROMANTIC LEAD.

THE END

ART: REED WALLER & TIM BOXELL
STORY: JIM SCHUMEISTER

FROM THE MILK-BONE JARRING PAGES OF HEAVY KENNEL, COMES...


!
FIN

GROT 77-RALPH .. THE MOST DISGUSTINGLY DEPRAVED, DECADENT, DEBAUCHED, DRUG ADDLED, VICE RIDDEN PERVERTED POCK-MARK OF A PLANET YOU'RE EVER LIKELY TO RUN INTO...

THE NATIVES CALL IT "WORLD OF THE BIG WHOOPIE", AND SING ITS PRAISES: "YOU CAN GET ANYTHING THAT YOU WANT / ON GROT 77-RALPH"...

... INCLUDING SEVERAL UNPLEASANT DISEASES, MUGGED, AND ICED... BUT THAT'S NOT IN THE BROCHURES

HOO-HA! MAGIC SEBBIN!

AWRIGHT BOYS, ROLL YO DADDY RIGHT ON UP TO DA GATES OF FINANCIAL SECURITY...

C'MON, MY GOOD FRIEND SEBBIN...

JE-SUS! I DON'T BELIEVE THIS...

HE MAKES THIS NEXT POINT I'M RIPPING MY EYES OUT...

HOLD PHONE. VOOLGA WANT TO SEE CHANCE CUBES. 182 STRAIGHT PASSES. VOOLGA THINK THIS TINKERTOY GAME FIXED!

SAYWHUT? YO CALLIN ME A CHEAT, YO WAXY YELLOW BUILD-UP?

VOOLGA GOING TO RITUALLY DEVOUR THE LOWER HALF OF YOUR BODY...

AHA! VOOLGA NO DULLARD! CHANCE CUBES SHAVED!

SHAVED?! I IS OUTRAGED! WHO SOLD ME THESE DISHONEST DICE?!

LOOK, LET'S COMPROMISE. YOU JUS BREAK THIS ARM HERE, AN I'LL GO QUIETLY...

YOU'LL FIND YOUR REMAINS ON GROT 77

NO SPITTING ON FLOOR

NOBODY MOVE! UNLESS OF COURSE YOU WANNA BUY A PIECE OF THAT SALAD-HEAD'S FARM...

HOT PUPPIES! DA CAVALRY! BOSS, YO IS AS TIMELY AS DA SUMMER RAIN!

DIDN'T YOUR MOTHER EVER TELL YOU NOT TO PLAY WITH DEAD FROM-THE NECK UP THINGS? LET'S BLOW THIS POP STAND. GET THE MONEY AND... CREW... WHERE'S YOUR GUN, CREW?

OH... HEH, HEH... MUSTA LEFT IT UPSTAIRS... SAYING HELLO TO MY AUNT...

YES, AND THERE'S NO BETTER PLANET TO PICK UP ON THESE TWO CURMUDGEONS, THESE LOATHSOME, EGGSUCKING, LOWLIFE OUTCASTS... CAP AND CREW, AS THEY CALL THEMSELVES... LATE OF THAT RIDIKULOUS GARBAGE SCOW...

BUNE

written and drawn by RICHARD CARSON • based on characters created by TIM COLLIER

THERE YOU ARE! I WANT MY MONEY, YOU CHEESY LITTLE SAWED-OFF CRUD!

TUT TUT, MON AMOUR! CONTENT YOSELF WITH DA KNOWLEDGE THAT YOU'VE BEEN LOVED BY DA GREATEST!

MISSED

SORRY, FELLA.

I SEEN ENOUGH OF THIS VERMINOUS MUDBALL, CAP I LONGS FOR DA INKY MAJESTY OF SPACE...

I'LL SETTLE FOR LIVING OUT THE NEXT MINUTE AND A HALF...

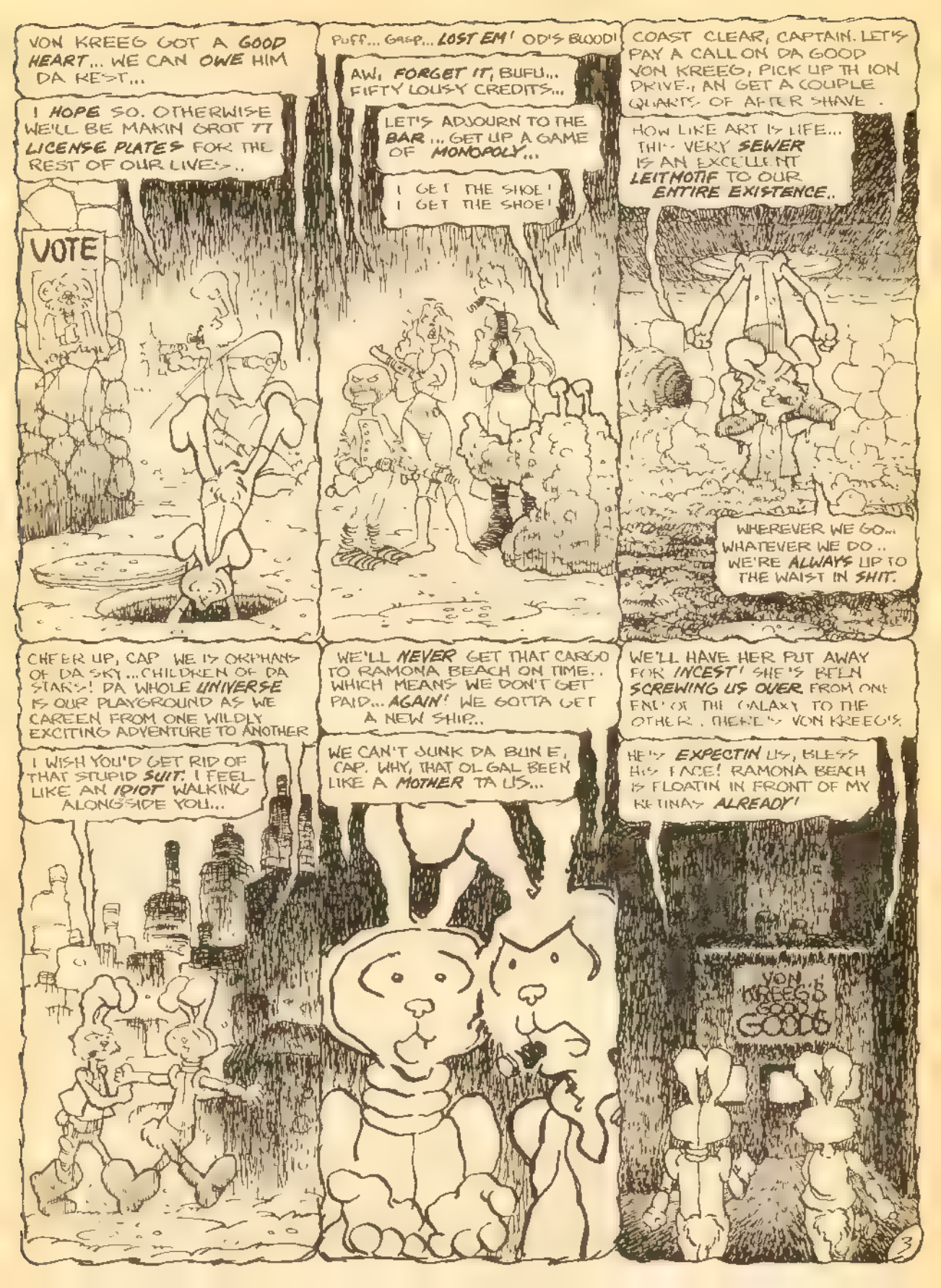
COULD YO DECREASE YO INTENSITY? YO GETTIN CRETIN ALL OVER ME...

VON KREEG SAID HE'D SELL US A REBUILT ION DRIVE FOR SIX HUNDRED...

I HOPE HE WILLING TO HAGGLE...

WHAT? HOW MUCH DID WE GET?

ABOUT FIFTY... NO POCKETS, Y'KNOW... HAD TO STASH IT IN MY SHORTS...


VON KREEG GOT A GOOD HEART... WE CAN OWE HIM DA REST...
I HOPE SO. OTHERWISE WE'LL BE MAKIN GROT 77 LICENSE PLATES FOR THE REST OF OUR LIVES..
VOTE
PUFF... GASP... LOST EM! OD'S BLOOD!
AW, FORGET IT, BUFU... FIFTY LOUSY CREDITS...
LET'S ADJOURN TO THE BAR... GET UP A GAME OF MONOPOLY...
I GET THE SHOE! I GET THE SHOE!
COAST CLEAR, CAPTAIN. LET'S PAY A CALL ON DA GOOD VON KREEG, PICK UP TH ION DRIVE, AN GET A COUPLE QUARTS OF AFTER SHAVE.
HOW LIKE ART IS LIFE... THIS VERY SEWER IS AN EXCELLENT LEITMOTIF TO OUR ENTIRE EXISTENCE..
WHEREVER WE GO... WHATEVER WE DO.. WE'RE ALWAYS UP TO THE WAIST IN SHIT.
CHEER UP, CAP WE IS ORPHANS OF DA SKY... CHILDREN OF DA STARS! DA WHOLE UNIVERSE IS OUR PLAYGROUND AS WE CAREEN FROM ONE WILDLY EXCITING ADVENTURE TO ANOTHER
WE'LL NEVER GET THAT CARGO TO RAMONA BEACH ON TIME.. WHICH MEANS WE DON'T GET PAID... AGAIN! WE GOTTA GET A NEW SHIP...
WE'LL HAVE HER PUT AWAY FOR INCEST! SHE'S BEEN SCREWING US OVER FROM ONE END OF THE GALAXY TO THE OTHER. THERE'S VON KREEG'S
I WISH YOU'D GET RID OF THAT STUPID SUIT. I FEEL LIKE AN IDIOT WALKING ALONGSIDE YOU...
WE CAN'T JUNK DA BUNE, CAP. WHY, THAT OL GAL BEEN LIKE A MOTHER TA US...
HE'S EXPECTIN US, BLESS HIS FACE! RAMONA BEACH IS FLOATIN IN FRONT OF MY RETINAS ALREADY!
VON KREEG'S GOOD GOODS

OPEN UP, KREEG IT'S *US*.

WHO ISS *DOT*?

THE THREE WISE MEN. WE AIN'T GOT *TIME* FOR GAMES, FELLA...

GO AWAY. WE ARE *CLOSED*. GOODBYE

C'MON, SHOPKEEPER. WE ON DA VERGE OF *HYSTERIA* OUT HERE...

GO AWAY, OR I SEND FOR *ZA HEAT!* YOU *UNDERSTAND*?

OK. *OK!* LOUSY BOURGEOIS PHILISTINE...

YOU *WARNED* EM, GRANDDAD, THAT'S GONNA *COST* Y...

HAI-YAHH!

HALF THE PLANET'S ON US, KREEG ...WHERE'S THE *ENGINE*?

WHAT'S WITH DA *THOT POLICE*, LITTLE DEALER?

THEY VAS LOOKING FOR TWO *FLOPPY-EARED HAIRBALL CON MEN* WHO BUSTED UP A BAR...VY DON'T YOU BOYS GET A NICE *DESK JOB* SOMEWHERE? YOU GOT JUST ENOUGH BRAINS *BETWEEN* YOU TO BE A *DESK*...

A *STEAL* AT SIX HUNDRED. UND SINCE YOU RESCUED ME FROM WHAT PROMISED TO BE A *SEVERE THRASHING*, WE'LL CALL IT... *STS*...

BUT WE *SAVED* YOUR *REAR*...

I KNOW VAT DOT'S VORTH... UND ON *THIS* PHLEGM-BAG OF A PLANET, IT'S *25 CREDITS*. AT THE *OUTSIDE*

CAN WE *OWE* IT TO YA, KREEGY? ALL WE GOT IS *FIFTY*. WE'RE ON OUR *KNEES*...

VELL, *OK*. VE VORK SOMETHING OUT...

YO A *PRINCE* AMONG PRINCES...

THIS *TEARS* IT, BOY! IF WE EVER MAKE IT TO RAMONA BEACH, I'M GONNA HAVE THAT *OBSOLETE TINKERTOY SPACE BUCKET* OF OURS *MELTED DOWN* AND MADE INTO A *TEA SERVICE*...

CAP, I FEEL AMOST *NAKED* WITHOUT MY *SUIT*...

YOU *ARE* ALMOST NAKED, YOU *DOUGHHEAD*...

LET'S SEE... ONE REMINGTON BLAZER UND SHEATH... 375 CREDITS AT LEAST... ONE DASHING-SPACE-ROGUE TYPE OUTFIT... MAYBE 50... ONE OFFICIAL UGANDAN STAR FLEET RUBBER PRESSURE SUIT, NEEDS *FUMIGATING*... 12.5... HEE HEE... NEVER THOUGHT I'D UNLOAD THAT TURKEY... HOPE IT *HOLDS OUT* TIL THEY HIT *ZERO G*..

HERR VON KREEG...?

VAT? GET *OUT* OF HERE! I'M *CLOSED!*

YOU'RE *DEAD*... UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHERE I CAN FIND THOSE TWO FLEA BITTEN RODENT *PALS* OF YOURS...

PALS?! I JUST TOOK THEM FOR EVERYTHING THEY H...

DON'T *QUIBBLE*, POPS. NOBODY... *NOBODY* CHEATS BUFU OF XYLITOL AND *LIVES* TO TELL THE TALE. THE MONEY'S UNIMPORTANT. BUT I WANT THEIR *HEADS* FOR THE *WALL* OF MY *SHIP*...

HEY, *LOOK*... WHY DON'T YOU JUST TAKE THOSE TWO PAINTINGS OF ZA KIDS WITH ZA *BIG EYES*...

TALK!!

OK, *OK*... THEY'RE HEADED FOR THEIR *SHIP*. A COUPLE OF MILES SOUTH OF TOWN. PROBABLY HIDDEN IN ZA *ROCKS* SOMEWHERE...

CAN WE *REST* FOR A PIECE, CAPTAIN? MY *PUNY RABBIT ARMS* IS *GIVIN OUT*...

NO WAY! WE STOP.. SOMEBODY *CATCHES* US... MOM DIDN'T GO THROUGH A *PREMATURE BREECH BIRTH* JUST TO HAVE ME DIE ON *GROT TT-RALPH*...

COURAGE, CREW. ANOTHER 300 METERS OR SO THE BUN E IS JUST OVER THAT *PINKISH PROMONTORY*.. OR IS IT THAT *BLUISH BLUFF*? NO, NO ... THE *MAGENTA-ISH MESA*... I *THINK*.

TAKE ME, GOD..

YOU... *HEAR* SOMETHING, CREW? *HOOFBEATS*?

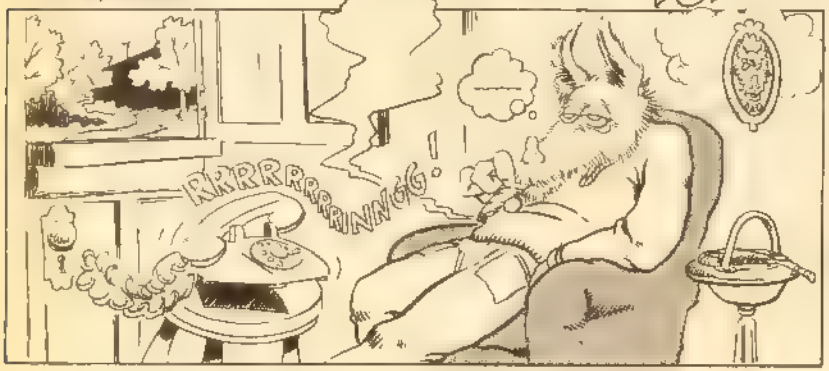
I THINK THAT MY *HEART*...

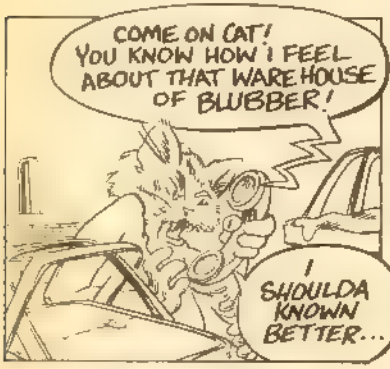
VON KREEG'S IN BACK. I THINK IT'S VON KREEG. I COULDN'T FIND HIS FACE.
THERE'S A BUNCH OF TRACKS OUTSIDE. IT WAS THOSE CARGO JOCKEYS ALL RIGHT THEY LEFT THEIR CLOTHES...
CAN'T SAY AS I BLAME THEM OK, LET'S GO GET EM FUN IS FUN, BUT THEM RABBITS IS CRAZY...
..IT AIN'T YOUR SOON TO BE NON-FUNCTIONING TICKER, BANANA EARS! IT'S YOUR FINAL REWARD, IN THE FORM OF BUFU OF XYLITOL! PUT THAT GIZMO DOWN. I DON'T WANT MY TROPHIES DAMAGED WHEN I RENDER YOUR MANGY HIDES INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM THE SURROUNDING LANDSCAPE.
BANANA EARS?!
CRUNCH
DA LAWS OF NATURAL SELECTION MUST BE SUSPENDED HERE, CAP I AIN'T YET MET A NATIVE WHO COULD BEAT A BREADFRUIT AT CRIBBAGE...
WHAT LUCK! BUFU'S SADDLE-BAG ESCAPED DAMAGE! WE CAN VEST OURSELVES AGAIN!
I'D RATHER PANTS MYSELF, BUT I AIN'T COMPLAIN'IN...
WOW, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE LUCKY ENOUGH TO GET ONE OF THESE AGAIN..
MY JOY FOR YOU KNOWS NO BO... ...OY..OH BOY! LES GENDARMES! THEY HAVEN'T GIVEN UP ON US YET! DOUBLE DOG DAMN!
IF WE SO POPULAR, HOW COME WE DON'T GET LAID MORE OFTEN?
INTO ONE OF THOSE CAVES, POST HASTE!
WELLL, THIS IS FINE. I WANTED TO DIE IN THE ACT OF SATISFYING SOME INCREDIBLY KINKY UNDERAGE MINX... BUT THIS IS REAL CLOSE...
GOT AN IDEA, CAPTAIN. HELP ME WITH THESE BOULDERS-, HERE...
GOOD THINKING! WE'LL ENTOMB OURSELVES! FUN, RUN, RUN!
NOW DON'T GET YER THALMUS IN AN UPROAR...WE AIN'T DEAD YET...
6

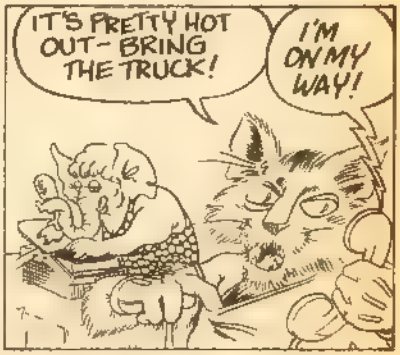
TRACKS END HERE ...WONDER WHERE...
YOU GUYS FOOL AROUND WITH EACH OTHER'S MOMS!
YEAH! AN YO FART IN TH BATHTUB AN BITE TH BUBBLES!
UP THERE!
OK, SMART BOYS. THE LAW, HERE YOU IS DEMISED. CRAWL ON OUT AND GET IT QUICK AND PAINLESS...WELL QUICK...
IS IT JAMMED IN THERE TIGHT?
ROGER DODGER. LET IT RIP...
CLICK
WHOOOOSSH
AAARRRGGHH
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! SOMETHING ACTUALLY GOES RIGHT!
GOT TO HAND IT TO YA, CREW. TOOK US SIX HOURS TO DIG THE MOTHER OUT OF THE ROCK, BUT WE'RE STILL INTACT...
NOTHIN TO IT, BOSS. GOD WATCHES OVER OUR ENDEAVORS. BESIDES, WE IS DESTINED TA RIDE DA COSMIC WINDS...
YOU SHOULDA GONE INTO ADVERTISING...
THERE SHE IS, CAP! DA SIGHT SURELY BRING A TEAR TA MY EYE!
WE'LL BE OFF THIS DROOL-SOAKED SPHERE FIVE MINUTES AFTER YOU INSTALL THIS BABY... BOY, WILL THAT EVER FEEL GOOD...
...FIVE MINUTES AFTER I INSTALL IT? I THOUGHT YO KNEW HOW TA INSTALL IT...
...ANY OF YOU FELLAS KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT YOUR BASIC ION DRIVE?...
YO BETTER USE YO "GET OUTTA JAIL FREE"... YO AIN'T NEVER GONNA ROLL DOUBLES WITH THOSE ...LET ME SHOW YO...
WILL THESE TWO BOZOS EVER MAKE IT TO RAMONA BEACH? THAT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY. I CERTAINLY WOULDN'T WANT TO BET ON IT WITH MY MONEY...

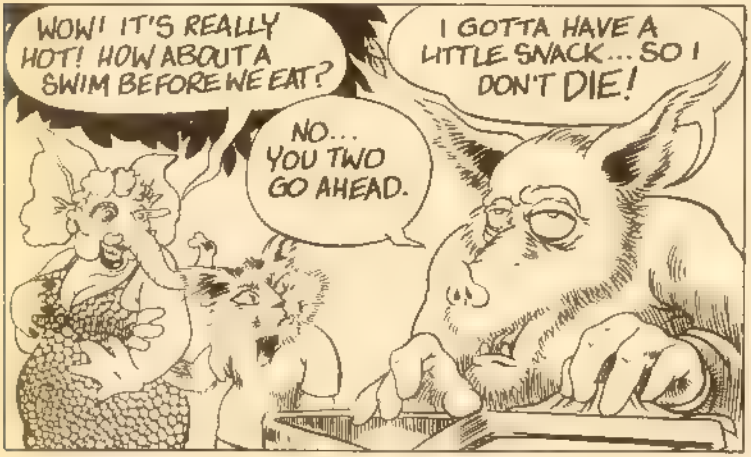
STONED WOLF IN

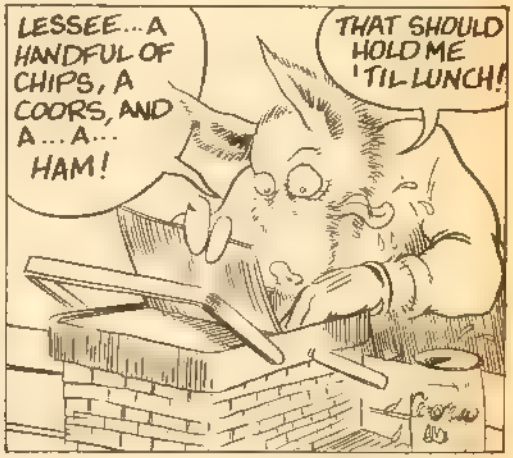
MOMA TOL' ME NOT TO COME...

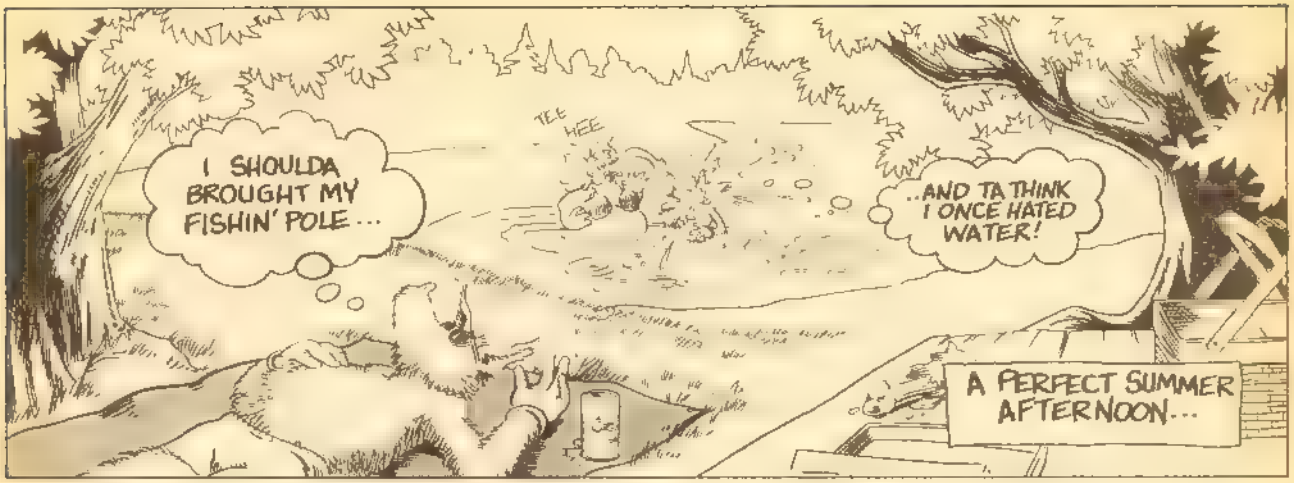


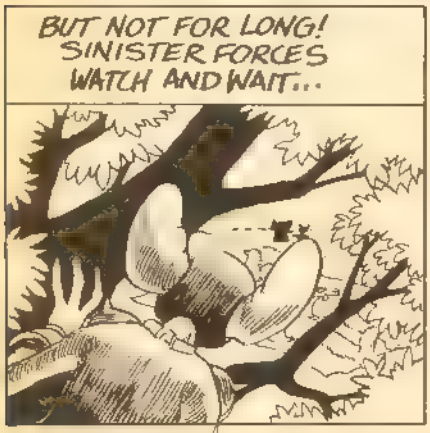


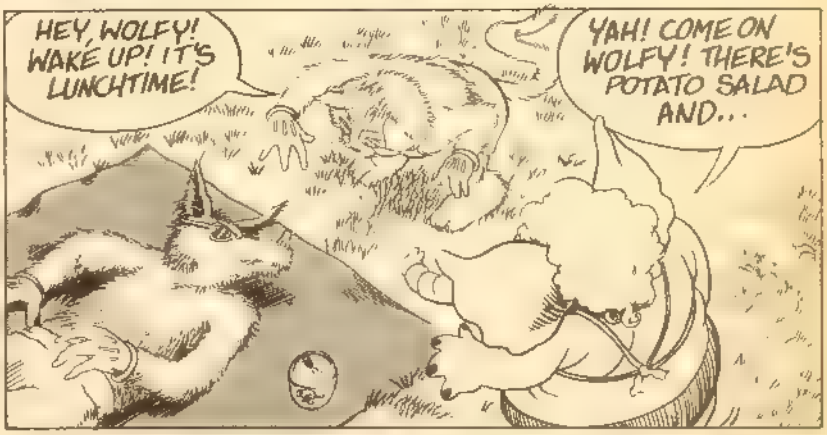


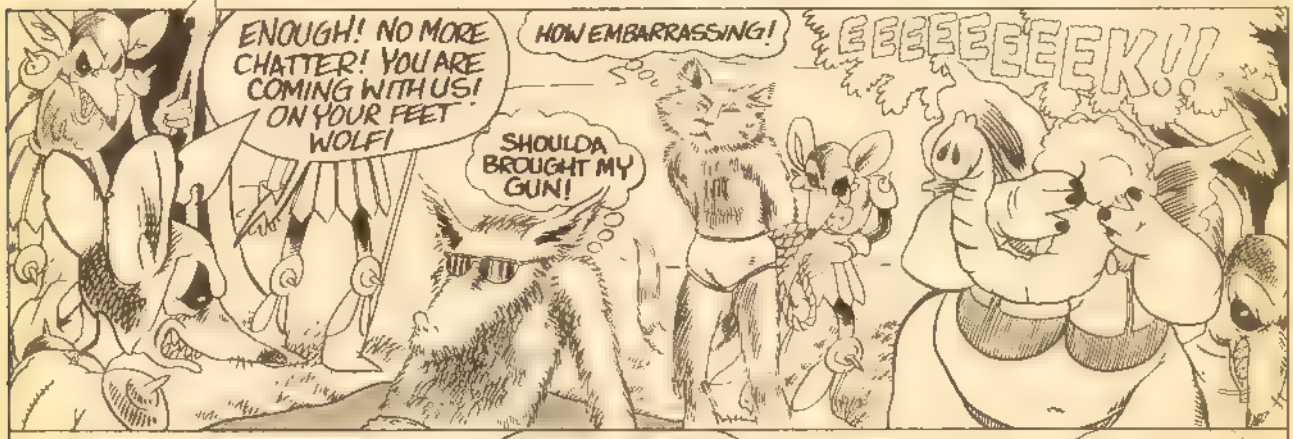





I SHOULDA BROUGHT MY FISHIN' POLE...
TEE HEE
..AND TA THINK I ONCE HATED WATER!
A PERFECT SUMMER AFTERNOON...

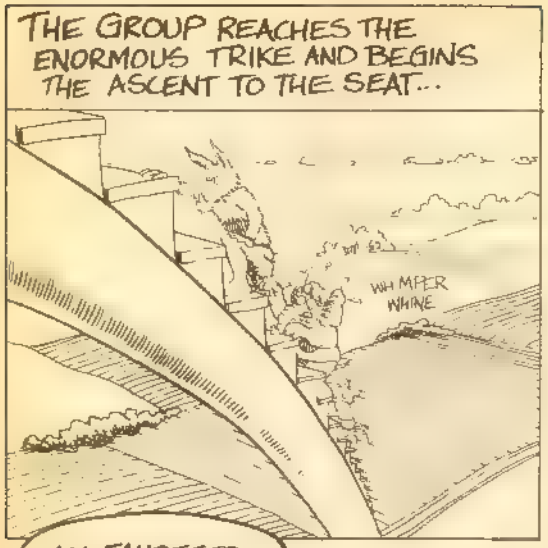

BUT NOT FOR LONG! SINISTER FORCES WATCH AND WAIT...


HEY, WOLFY! WAKE UP! IT'S LUNCHTIME!
YAH! COME ON WOLFY! THERE'S POTATO SALAD AND...

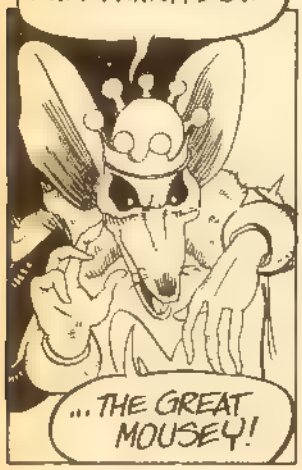

ENOUGH! NO MORE CHATTER! YOU ARE COMING WITH US! ON YOUR FEET WOLF!
HOW EMBARRASSING!
EEEEEEEEEK!!
SHOULDA BROUGHT MY GUN!

WHERE ARE YOU TAKING US?
SILENCE!

GASP!
IS IT MORE MICE, CATSY?
WORSE HONEY, DON'T LOOK!
NO TALK! KEEP MOVIN'!


THE GROUP REACHES THE ENORMOUS TRIKE AND BEGINS THE ASCENT TO THE SEAT...
WHIMPER WHINE

I COULD BE HOME EATING A SANDWICH!

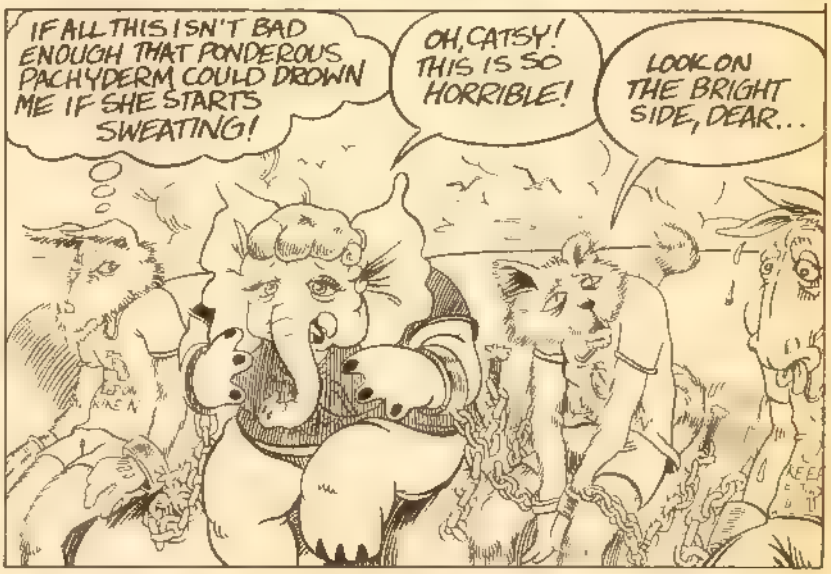

I AM FAHRTFED...
...THE GREAT MOUSEY!

AND THE THREE OF YOU NOW HAVE THE HONOR OF SERVING AS PEDALERS ON MY MIGHTY WAR TRICYCLE!

BUT FIRST YOU MUST BE PROPERLY ATTIRED.. GUARD! THE TEE SHIRTS!

KEEP ON TRIKE'N'

MOMENTS LATER...
HOW HUMILIATING!
TAKE YOUR PLACE!

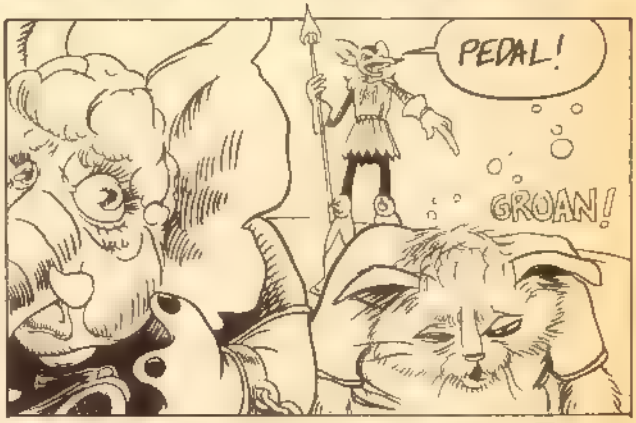

IF ALL THIS ISN'T BAD ENOUGH THAT PONDEROUS PACHYDERM COULD DROWN ME IF SHE STARTS SWEATING!
OH, CATSY! THIS IS SO HORRIBLE!
LOOK ON THE BRIGHT SIDE, DEAR...

WE COULD BE OUT THERE ON THE STEERING CREW!

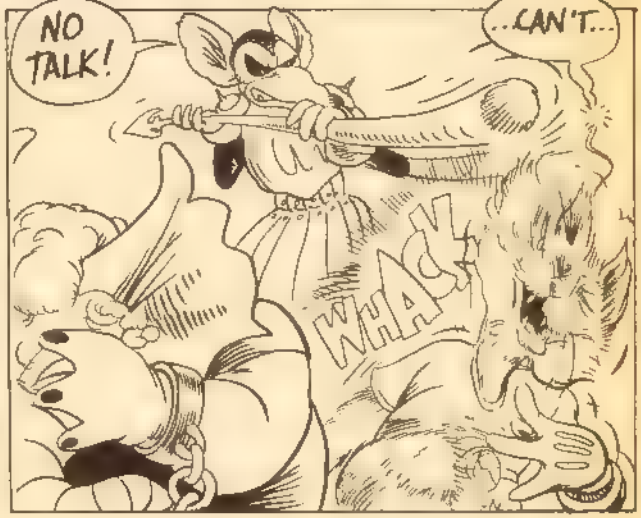
IT'S TIME TO ATTACK THE NORTH KINGDOM! DRUMMER... THE BEAT PLEASE!
PEDALERS, AHEAD FULL PEDAL!

GREAT WAY TO SPEND A SATURDAY!
BUM BOOM BUM BOOM BUM BOOM

I... DON'T FEEL SO GOOD...
RIK
WE AIN'T GOIN' ANYWHERE! THIS JOKER MUST BE A NUT!


PEDAL!
GROAN!

PEDAL!
I'M SICK... I...


NO TALK!
..CAN'T...
WHAK

YOU'VE KILLED HIM! YOU'VE KILLED MY SWEETHEART! SOB

RIGHT IN THE PRIME OF LIFE!

'PEARS HE'S DEAD SIRE! SHALL WE HEAVE HIM OVER BOARD?

NO... NOT JUST YET! PHOTOGRAPHER, LOAD YOUR CAMERA!

IT BUILDS THE MORALE OF MY SUBJECTS FOR THEM TO SEE THEIR KING VICTORIOUS!

I AM READY!

CLIK

FLASH

AN INSTANT LATER!

AWRIGHT! WHO'S NEXT?

NO TAKERS? THEN HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS...

CAT DONS THE CROWN AND CAPE TO THE CHEERS OF THE PRISONERS...

MY FIRST COMMAND IS...

YEA

HURRA

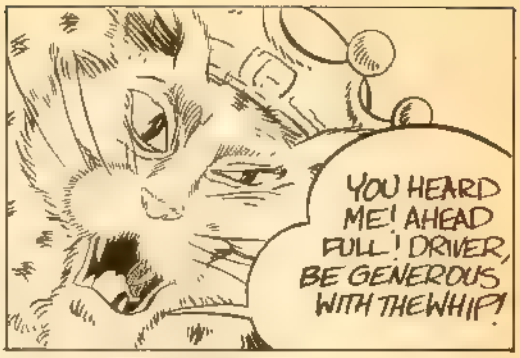
YEA!

FREE THE LOVELY MARIANNE AND BRING HER TO MY SIDE!

MY SECOND COMMAND IS...

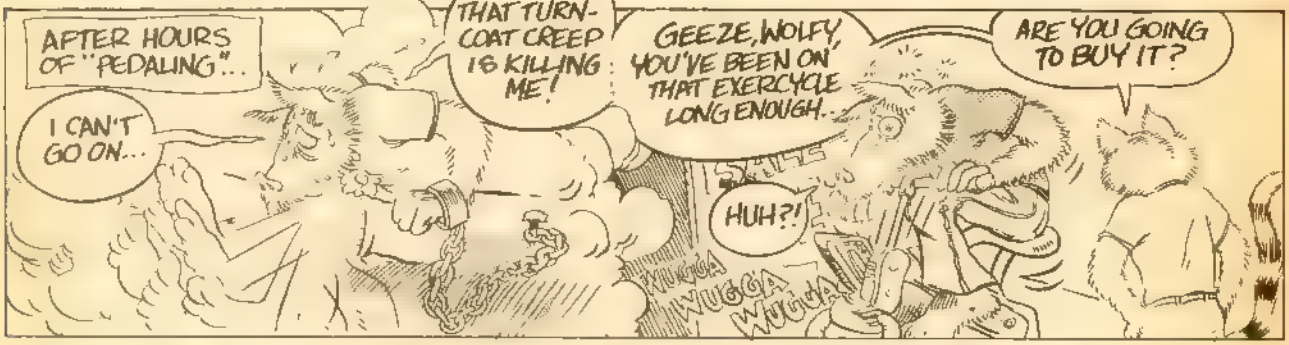
GOOD OLD CAT! I'M NEXT FOR SURE!

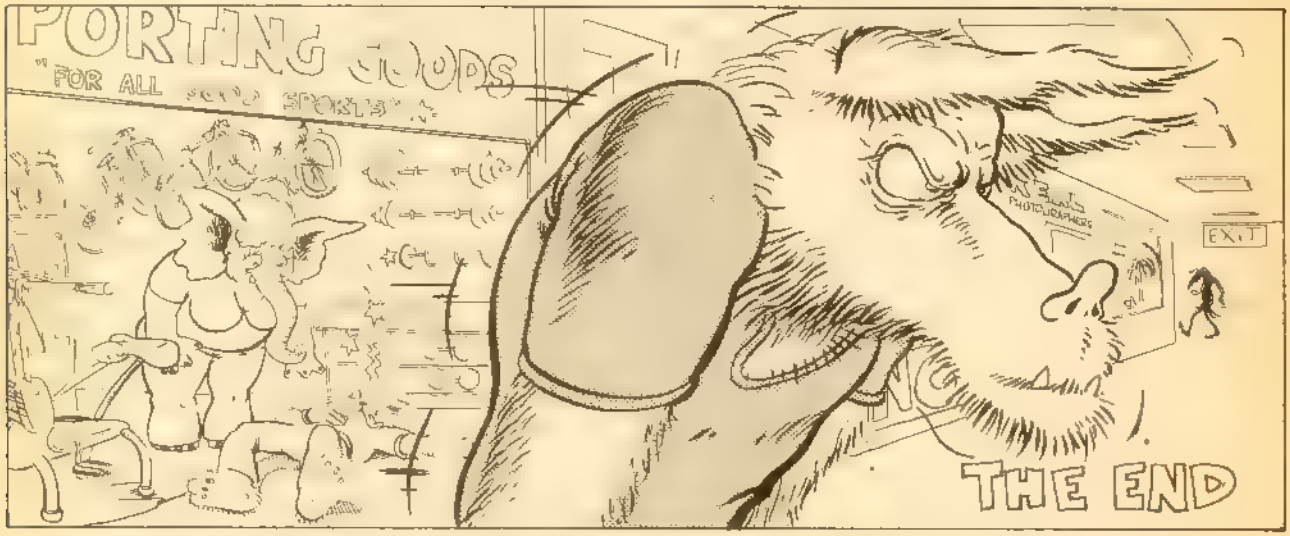
AHEAD FULL PEDAL! ON TO THE NORTH KINGDOM!
WHAT!


YOU HEARD ME! AHEAD FULL! DRIVER, BE GENEROUS WITH THE WHIP!

THAT CRUMMY, TWO-FACED...

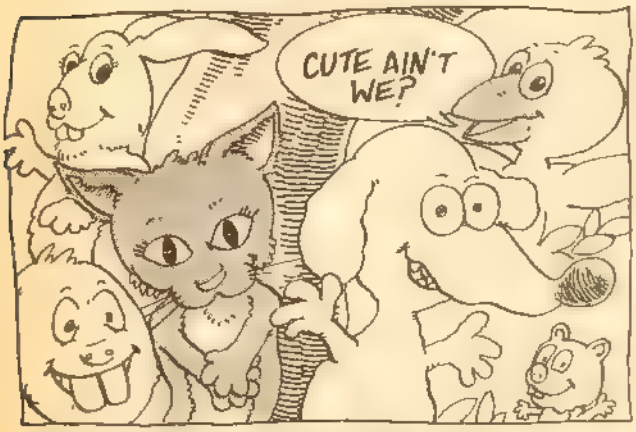
PEDAL!
YELP!


AFTER HOURS OF "PEDALING"...
I CAN'T GO ON...
THAT TURN-COAT CREEP IS KILLING ME!
GEEZE, WOLFY, YOU'VE BEEN ON THAT EXERCYCLE LONG ENOUGH...
HUH?!
WUGGA WUGGA WUGGA
ARE YOU GOING TO BUY IT?

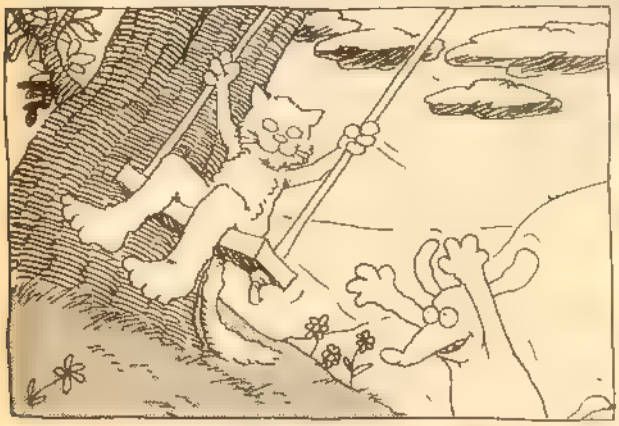

PORTING GOODS
"FOR ALL SORTS OF SPORTS"
EXIT
THE END

THERE CAME GREAT WARS THAT WIPED OUT ALL THE CIVILIZATIONS ON EARTH. FOR THOUSANDS OF YEARS THE PLANET WAS A RADIOACTIVE WASTELAND. SLOWLY FROM THE RUBBLE EMERGED TWO GROUPS OF SURVIVORS...

THE CUTIES...

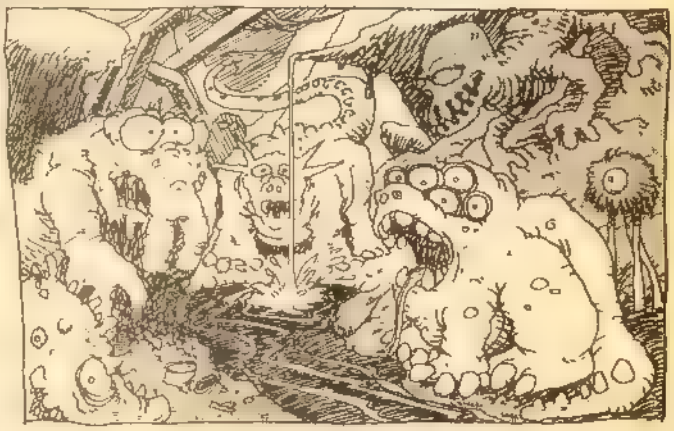


NATURALLY, THE CUTIES GOT THE NICE PARTS OF THE PLANET, WHERE THINGS GREW AND THE AIR AND WATER WERE PURE.



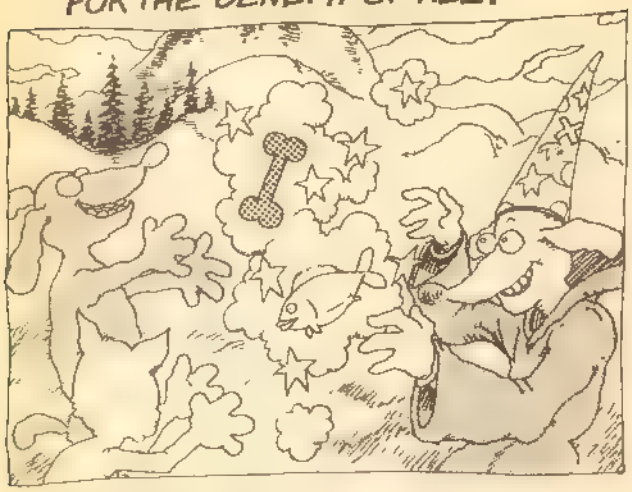
AND THE ICKIES!

THE ICKIES (AS YOU MIGHT GUESS) WOUND UP IN AREAS THAT WERE EXCEPTIONALLY BAD.



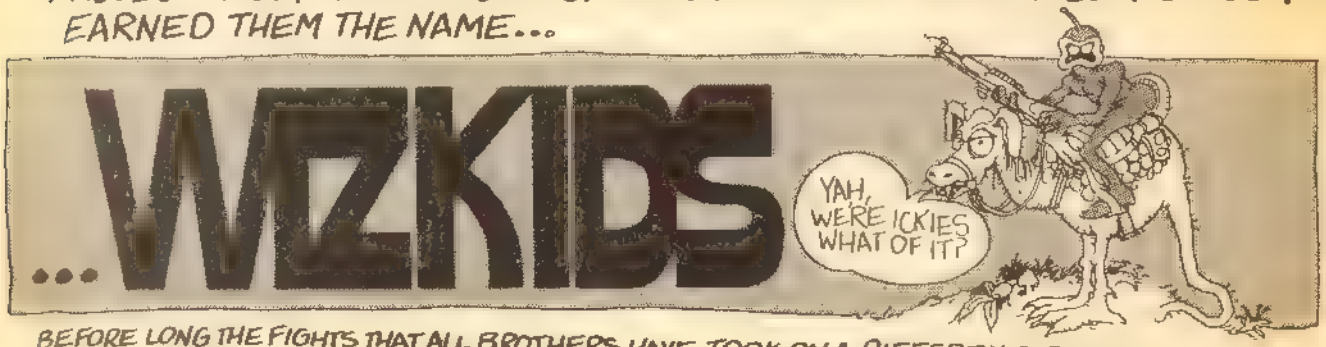
THINGS MIGHT HAVE REMAINED THIS WAY FOREVER. THE CUTIES KNEW THEY HAD THINGS PRETTY NICE AND THE ICKIES (IN ADDITION TO BEING ICKY) WERE STUPID AND LAZY AND NOT INCLINED TO MAKE CHANGES. BUT THEN THE GOOD QUEEN OF THE CUTIES GAVE BIRTH TO TWINS AS DIFFERENT AS NIGHT AND DAY.

AS THE TWINS MATURED, DAY, THE CUTE TWIN, CHOSE THE STUDY OF MAGIC TO BE USED FOR THE BENEFIT OF ALL.

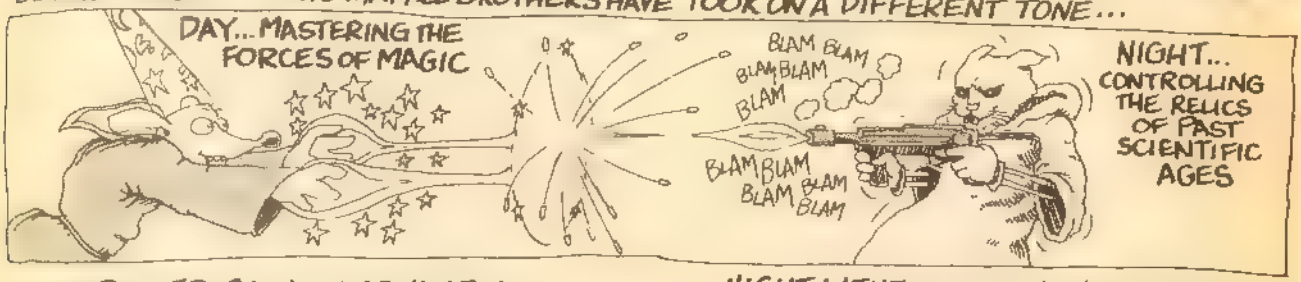


NIGHT, THE ICKY TWIN, DUG INTO THE BLACK ARTS OF SCIENCE, WHICH MEN HAD USED TO RUIN THE EARTH.

THOUGH TOTALLY DIFFERENT IN MIND AND MOOD, THE TWINS SELDOM PAUSED FROM THEIR STUDIES. THEIR BRILLIANCE AND DILIGENCE SOON EARNED THEM THE NAME...



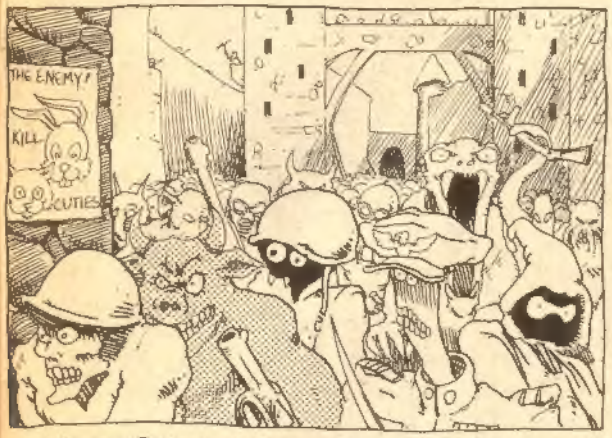
BEFORE LONG THE FIGHTS THAT ALL BROTHERS HAVE TOOK ON A DIFFERENT TONE...



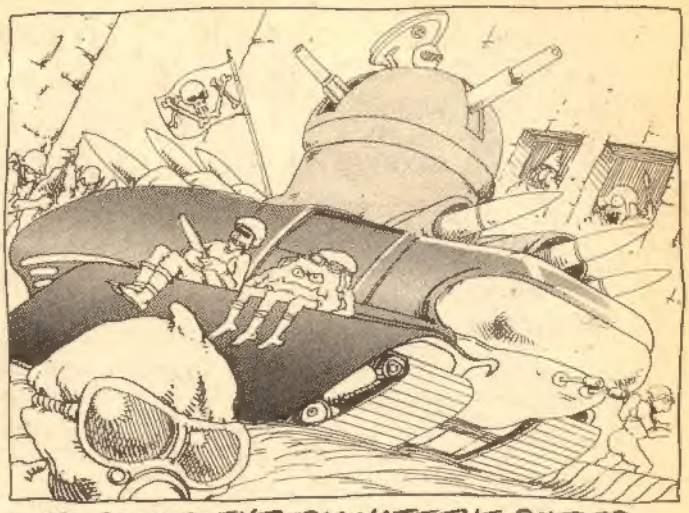
UNABLE TO GAIN AN ADVANTAGE IN AN ENVIRONMENT OF OVERWHELMING CUTENESS...

...NIGHT WENT TO LIVE WITH THE ICKIES IN A REGION WHERE SCIENTIFIC RECORDS AND THE REMAINS OF AGES OF MACHINERY WERE IN ABUNDANCE.

WHILE IN THE "ICKIE" REGION, NIGHT'S JEALOUSY GREW WITH HIS KNOWLEDGE. HE WAS DETERMINED TO DESTROY DAY AND THE CUTIES. HE ASSEMBLED A MASSIVE ARMY OF ICKIES...

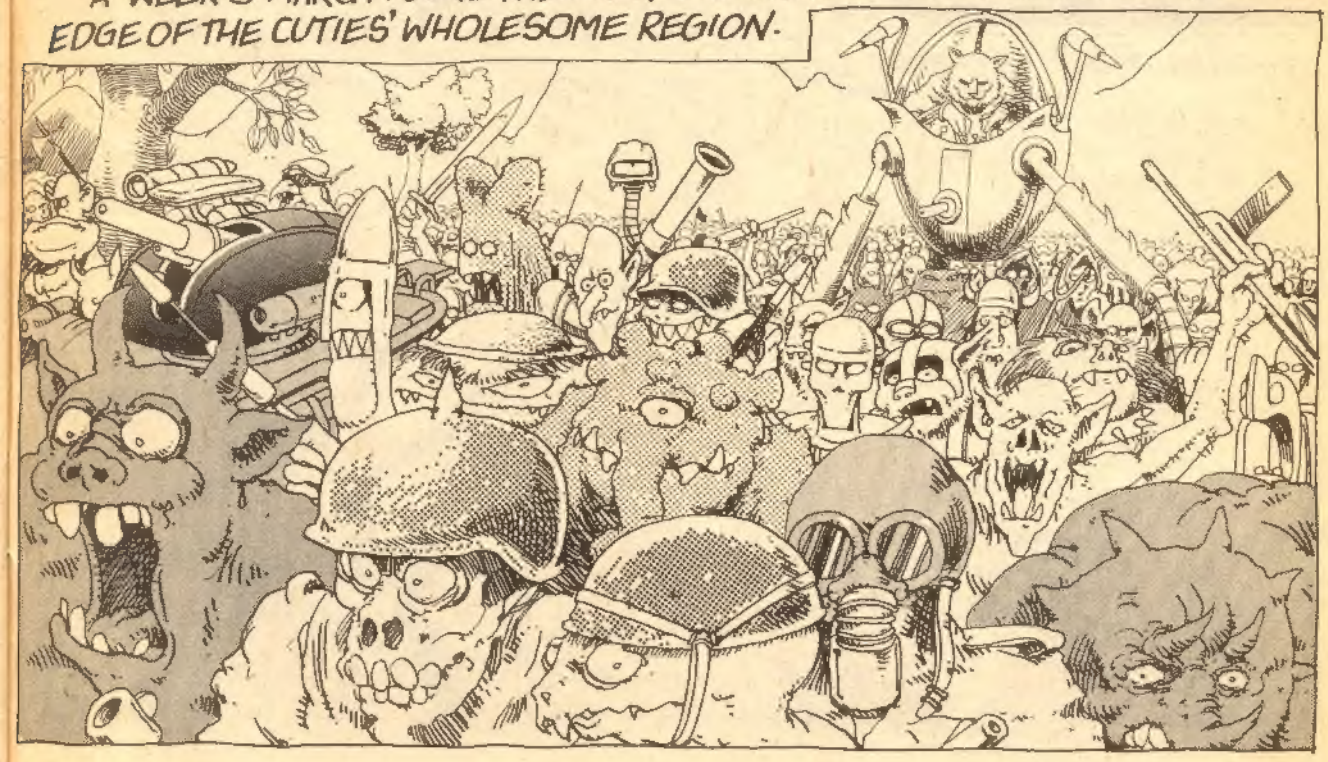


AND RESTORED DEADLY MACHINES OF WAR.



NIGHT REASONED THAT IF HIS LEGIONS COULD EXTERMINATE THE CUTIES DAY'S POWER WOULD BE REDUCED ENOUGH SO THAT HE COULD BE DESTROYED!

A WEEK'S MARCH FOUND THE ARMY CROWDED INTO A MEADOW AT THE EDGE OF THE CUTIES' WHOLESOME REGION.



NIGHT ADVANCED ALONE IN HIS WAR MACHINE.

WHERE IS MY BROTHER?

HI! NIGHT!

DAY? HE'S RIGHT UP THERE.

DO NOT ATTEMPT TO DECEIVE ME!

TELL ME! WHERE IS HE?!

WE'RE NOT KIDDIN'.

LOOK! HE'S RIGHT THERE!

EVEN AS NIGHT TURNED HIS GAZE UPWARD, A DEEP SHADOW FELL ACROSS HIS ARMY.

IT WAS ALL OVER IN AN INSTANT.

THOOOM

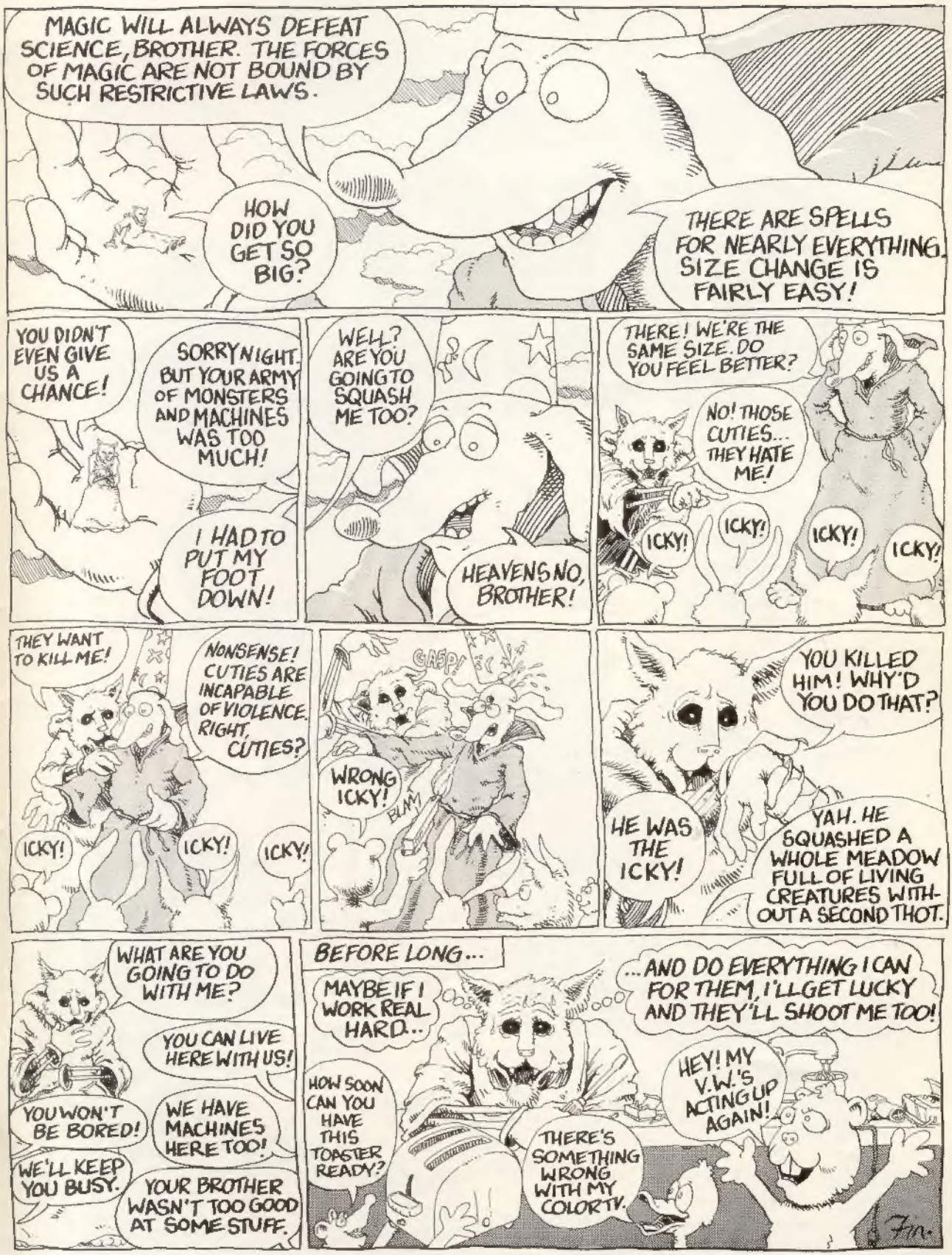
I'VE GOT TO TELL THE OTHER CUTIES ABOUT THIS!

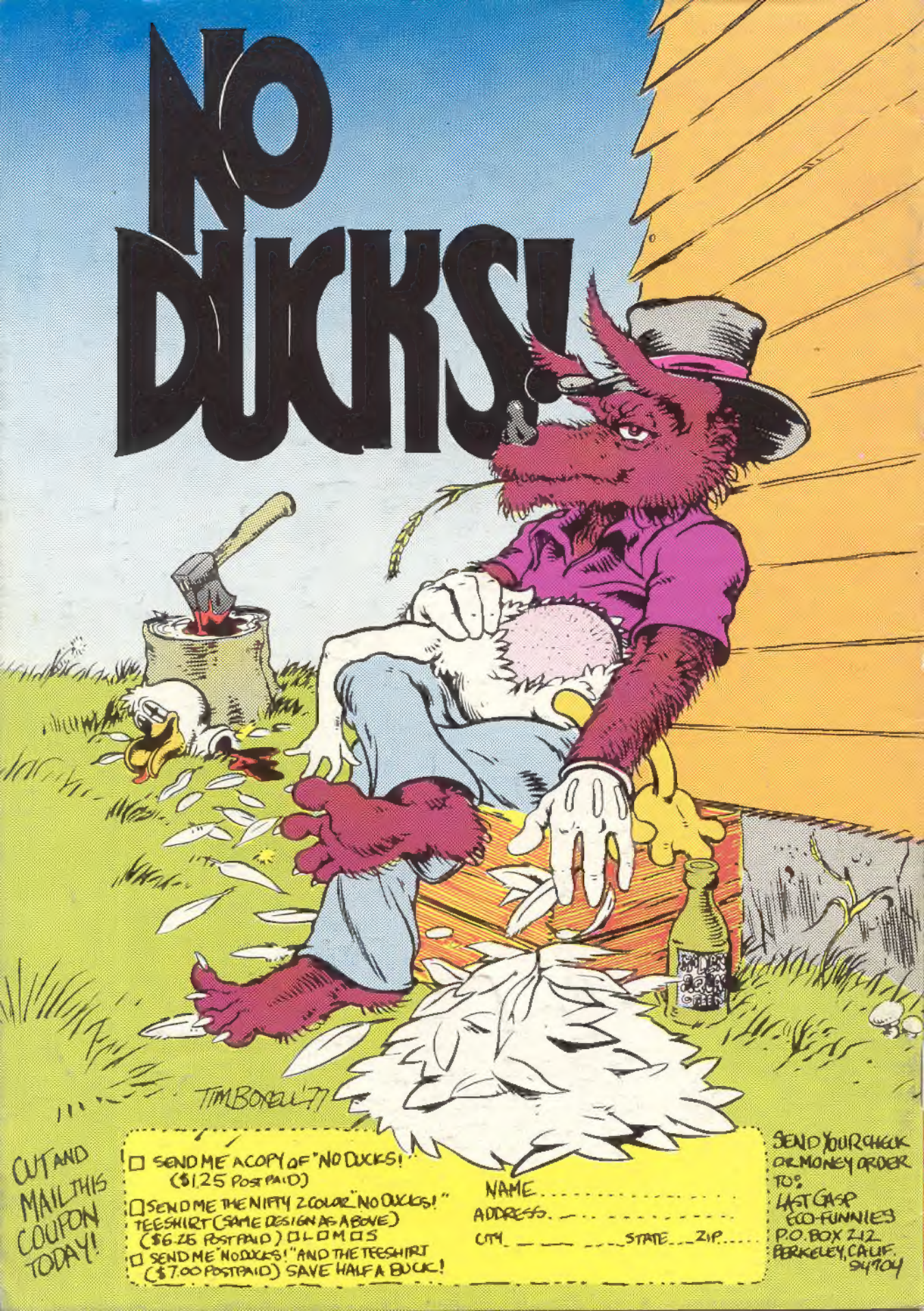
SKWUSH

MY ARMY! MY MACHINES! CURSE YOU, DAY!

ZOIZ

ARRRG!


MAGIC WILL ALWAYS DEFEAT SCIENCE, BROTHER. THE FORCES OF MAGIC ARE NOT BOUND BY SUCH RESTRICTIVE LAWS.
HOW DID YOU GET SO BIG?
THERE ARE SPELLS FOR NEARLY EVERYTHING. SIZE CHANGE IS FAIRLY EASY!
YOU DIDN'T EVEN GIVE US A CHANCE!
SORRY NIGHT. BUT YOUR ARMY OF MONSTERS AND MACHINES WAS TOO MUCH!
I HAD TO PUT MY FOOT DOWN!
WELL? ARE YOU GOING TO SQUASH ME TOO?
HEAVENS NO, BROTHER!
THERE! WE'RE THE SAME SIZE. DO YOU FEEL BETTER?
NO! THOSE CUTIES... THEY HATE ME!
ICKY!
ICKY!
ICKY!
ICKY!
THEY WANT TO KILL ME!
NONSENSE! CUTIES ARE INCAPABLE OF VIOLENCE. RIGHT, CUTIES?
ICKY!
ICKY!
ICKY!
GASP!
WRONG ICKY!
BLAM
YOU KILLED HIM! WHY'D YOU DO THAT?
HE WAS THE ICKY!
YAH. HE SQUASHED A WHOLE MEADOW FULL OF LIVING CREATURES WITHOUT A SECOND THOT.
WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH ME?
YOU CAN LIVE HERE WITH US!
YOU WON'T BE BORED!
WE HAVE MACHINES HERE TOO!
WE'LL KEEP YOU BUSY.
YOUR BROTHER WASN'T TOO GOOD AT SOME STUFF.
BEFORE LONG...
MAYBE IF I WORK REAL HARD...
...AND DO EVERYTHING I CAN FOR THEM, I'LL GET LUCKY AND THEY'LL SHOOT ME TOO!
HOW SOON CAN YOU HAVE THIS TOASTER READY?
THERE'S SOMETHING WRONG WITH MY COLOR TV.
HEY! MY V.W.'S ACTING UP AGAIN!
Fin.


NO DUCKS!
TIM BOXELL '77
CUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!
☐ SEND ME A COPY OF "NO DUCKS!" ($1.25 POSTPAID)
☐ SEND ME THE NIFTY 2 COLOR "NO DUCKS!" TEESHIRT (SAME DESIGN AS ABOVE) ($6.25 POSTPAID) ☐ L ☐ M ☐ S
☐ SEND ME "NO DUCKS!" AND THE TEESHIRT ($7.00 POSTPAID) SAVE HALF A BUCK!
NAME
ADDRESS
CITY STATE ZIP
SEND YOUR CHECK OR MONEY ORDER TO:
LAST GASP ECO-FUNNIES
P.O. BOX 212
BERKELEY, CALIF. 94704